TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

WHEN a man's physical powers begin to ebb his capacity for fighting old time battles disappears with wonderful exactitude. This is as true of the financier as it is of the pugilist, and this perhaps has been more than all else the contributing factor in the final settlement of old time differences between the Dominion Iron and Steel and Dominion Coal Companies. James Ross, once as hard as nails, is not the man physically that he once was. Years have begun to tell on that sturdy little frame; though the mind travels over the endless details with the same precision as of old. As President of the Dominion Coal Company he had fought long and hard, sometimes against heavy odds, but always with one aim, and that was, the well-being of the great property in which he was the presiding genius.

That James Ross' ideas often ran counter to what ultimately proved the best interests of the Dominion Coal Company no one who has watched the recent expensive law suits can deny. But at the same time, Mr. Ross fought for a principle, and being a Scotchman, he fought to the last ditch. That he was beaten was no fault of his. He did his level best.

The merging of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company and the Dominion Coal Company was the only logical conclusion, and this has been attained by Mr. Ross parting with his interests, amounting to some fifty thousand shares, to a syndicate friendly to the Dominion Iron and Steel Company. It is said that the new corporation will reorganize the two companies without the introduction of any augmented capital stock. In other words there will be no water injected into the enterprise, and no rake-offs for those who have shouldered the deal and worked it out to a satisfactory conclusion.

Here is a health to the new concern. May it prosper exceedingly, and may the time soon come when it will no longer ask the citizens of Canada to help it out with bonuses on its products.

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IS it not time that this terrific slaughter of game was prohibited by more stringent laws? Aside entirely from a humanitarian standpoint, taking no account of the fact that the wild things of the world should have at least a fighting chance for existence, the manner in which our game is slaughtered throughout the continent must make it obvious to all thinking men that we will at this rate soon have no game to kill. Ten men start out to hunt deer in Ontario, and the bag is usually twenty. Fifteen men start on the same errand, and thirty deer are loaded on board the cars for the return trip. In other words, the legal limit of two deer each is rigidly adhered to, with no account taken of a few of the animals which are killed and eaten on the spot. In the West the buffalo are all but extinct, the elk, which years ago roamed the plains in tens of thousands, are practically no more, and so it is with a half dozen other species of the larger game animals, while the wood pigeon is entirely extinct, the wild turkey which once frequented the better part of the continent has now entirely disappeared from the northern section of the country; the prairie chicken, once almost as plentiful as sparrows now are, is getting rare; while certain species of duck have either disappeared entirely or have become so scarce that museums are hunting for good specimens. In this war of extermination, our red deer will unquestionably be killed to the very last specimen, as will the moose and all the rest of the large game animals, unless the Provincial Governments intervene, and that quickly. The high power rifles with their explosive bullets, modern shot guns with twice the penetrating power and accuracy of the old-time weapons, in the hands of men who do not or will not appreciate the follies they are committing, will soon do away with the last of our game animals and game birds.

Let the Provincial Government of Ontario still further limit the number of deer which may be legally killed per season by the hunter. At the present time every license holder has the right to kill and bring into civilization two deer. Restrict this to one deer per man per season. The effect of restricting a hunter to one deer should be at once apparent. With such a law rigidly enforced, any hunter who knew his business would pass by the does and fawns. His idea would be to obtain a buck, and thus the young deer, which fall an easy prey to the hunter, as well as the mothers, would have a fighting chance for life.

The Provincial Government of Ontario cannot too quickly take this question in hand.

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SOME native or natives of Britain's Indian possessions have attempted, by means of a bomb filled with high explosives, to give Lord Minto a quick passage into the next world. Fortunately the attempt failed, and by last accounts both Lord and Lady Minto were sound in wind and limb. A later despatch states that in consequence of the attempt upon the lives of the Viceroy and Her Excellency, Lord Minto will resign his post, the reason given being that Lady Minto's nerves are completely shattered. That Lord Minto should even contemplate such a move is hardly likely. The Earl is an Elliot and a soldier, and would probably be one of the last men to retreat in the face of the enemy. Unless the Earl has lost his old nerve—the nerve which in his youth made his reputation as the best amateur cross country rider in England, and afterward saw him through campaigns in Turkey, Afghanistan, Egypt and the Cape, not to speak of our own little unpleasantness in the Northwest in 1885—he will stick to his post, come what may.

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AT least one active worker in the Ontario Lord's Day Alliance has discovered that the Sabbath observance laws, as now enforced, have a friendly habit of dividing up the population into two batches, the rich and the poor. The Rev. J. D. Morrow, Toronto's athletic parson, whom everybody admires for his steadfast and high principles, as well as for the stratum of good common sense which underlies his every action, pointed out at the annual meeting of the Lord's Day Alliance the other day that "it was not by the sports of the people, baseball, lacrosse and football that the Lord's Day is desecrated, but by the aristocratic golf associations with which ministers are connected."

Ladies and gentlemen who are members of Lambton or the Rosedale Golf clubs may, upon each Sunday, during the spring, summer and autumn, hie themselves to their clubs and there indulge in golf to their heart's content. But, on the other hand, let a man or woman who has no club affiliations try to knock a ball around on one of the fields in Rosedale or near High Park on a bright Sunday morning and see what would happen! Inspector Archibald or some other member of the gum shoe brigade would be after them before they had got fairly started. If out of the Inspector's jurisdiction, the country constable would get busy. In any event, the law breaker would be hauled up in court and fined. This is the penalty for being poor.

There may be somewhere a fine discrimination which makes it lawful to play golf in club grounds and unlawful to play golf or baseball on the other side of the fence. I have, however, so far failed to discover it.

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ENGLAND'S Peers, through their mouthpiece, Lord Lansdowne, have served notice that they will not pass the Lloyd-George Budget. It is expected that on Monday next, when the Budget comes before them for a second reading, Lord Lansdowne will move that it be set aside until a verdict of the country can be had. Very naturally Premier Asquith will take exception to this high-handed proceeding on the grounds that it is the sole right of the House of Commons to deal with matters of taxation and revenue, and that the Peers' attempt to force a dissolution is unconstitutional. There seems little doubt but that the Lords in thus interfering with a measure pertaining to the revenue of the country, and further dictating or attempting to dictate when a general election shall take place, are utilizing a prerogative which has not been assumed by them for many generations, and it remains to be seen whether the British people in their present frame of mind will allow the House of Lords to override the will of the subject as represented by the House of Commons.

However, it is, perhaps, just as well that the issue be fought out first as last, and it is to be hoped that there will be no herrings dragged across the trail to muddle the voters and tangle up the issues at stake. If the Commons has no right to tax the lands of the Peers of England, then the country, it seems to me, is pretty well back to where it started. The Lloyd-George Budget is the beginning and not the end of the Liberal effort in land reform. It remains to be seen whether the people of England will support the movement. If they do, then the House of Lords will be a House in name only, and perhaps not even that.

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AT a recent meeting of the General Ministerial Association, the question of opening Toronto's public libraries on Sunday was discussed. One clergyman remarked that as the clergymen's libraries were not closed on Sundays, there was no good reason why the public ones should be. It is understood that the matter will be fully discussed by the Association at a later date, when some decision will be arrived at. It is to be hoped that the members will see the justice of opening the public libraries on Sunday, as is now done in all civilized centres, Toronto excepted; but in the interval it would be well to keep dark the name of the clerical gentleman who favored the project, else the Rev. T. Albert Moore, the busy secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance, will be sending him one of those typewritten letters—thousands of which are dispensed annually—warning the gentleman that he is subject to a fine and imprisonment if he dares thus transgress.

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LITERARY research seems at times to possess all the attraction of a quest for pirate's gold. The same mysterious clues have to be followed up; they run with the same delightful irrelevancy from place to place; there are strange cyphers to be worked out; there are cliffs to be climbed; and finally, there is a secret cave to be entered. Of course, there has to be a cave. Can you conceive any romantic quest without one? Therefore, it is not surprising that the Baconian research of the American scholars, Dr. W. H. Prescott, of Boston, and Dr. Orville W. Owen, of Detroit, should finally lead them to a cave, after taking them all over England. And now, according to recent despatches, the worthy investigators believe themselves to be on the point of discovering the hidden library in which are Lord Bacon's mysterious, cypher-written, personal accounts. The search party expects that these accounts will make it clear to the world that Bacon was the son of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester by a secret marriage. Thus the great philosopher was not only the father of modern science, and the author of the world's greatest plays—sometimes attributed to one William Shakespeare—but was also rightful King of England. It sounds like one of the Arabian Nights' entertainments. In fact, these romantic Americans make Scheherezade dwindle to the proportions of a police-court reporter. But that a thing has never occurred before, is naturally no reason why it never can happen at all. The next few days, however, will tell all, and either unfold to a gasping world things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme, or prove that the age is never passed of those who would find the treasure at the rainbow's foot.

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EVERY now and then, even in this democratic new world, we are reminded how strongly rooted is the passion for social convention and precedence, in spite of a general theoretic belief in the equality of man. Senator Landry is the latest reminder. This distinguished statesman, who has spent many drowsy and honorable hours in the Senate Chamber as one of the Quebec representatives, holds that all men are equal, but that Judge Langelier is not quite so equal as he is. Therefore, when invited to a luncheon at Spencerwood, the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, he first made enquiry as to whether or not he would be given place over Judge Langelier. This drew the natural reply that he would be placed wherever the Lieutenant-Governor thought he belonged. Some men might have regarded this as a snub; but Senator Langelier felt that duty called him to the luncheon. He went, only to find that Judge Langelier was to sit higher up after all, and so would get his soup sooner and hotter. The alternative was horrible. But Senator Landry was not the man to hover over the fleshpots of Egypt when the honor of the Senate was involved. He withdrew, with undiminished honor—and undiminished appetite. But, alas, "blow, blow, thou winter wind, thou art not so unkind as man's ingratitude." When he told the Senate the other day about his sacrifices to maintain its honor, his only reward was an expression of sympathy from Sir Richard Cartwright that he had lost his dinner. This certainly showed a lamentable lack of delicacy on the part of the doughty old warrior; but at the same time it will probably meet with the sympathy of the ordinary citizen, who, when he is invited, out to dine, worries more about the size of the platter than the end of the table he is placed nearest to.

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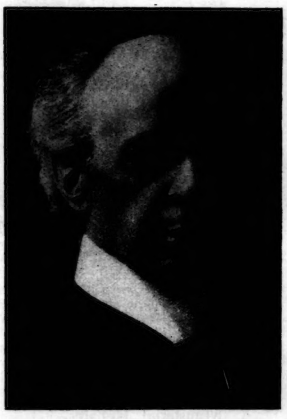
IT seems an age ago, but of course it isn't, since we first began to hear of Mrs. Langtry. In her time the Jersey Lily has played many parts. She began her career as the most beautiful woman in England, and she is a beauty still for that matter, in spite of her years and the life she has led. Now she has written a novel. "All at Sea" is its title, but we are told that it has proved a failure.

What a trail of bankruptcy, of aching hearts, of blighted faith, this woman has left behind her! She has lived the plots of a dozen novels. She has been a chief actor in more tragedies than the average novelist could invent; but her book is flat, stale and unprofitable.

What a career this woman has had! In this generation we have seen no parallel case. Married in her youth to a man who was, from all accounts, very much a man, this daughter of a parson was launched into British society. With her hard brown eyes, classic face, comely figure, and wit, which, if not deep, was at least effervescing, Lily Langtry became a vogue. Of Mr. Langtry perhaps little need be said. He poured his all into the lap of this woman. She left him, bare in pocket. She dragged his name through the dust. This was the price which he was to pay for the worldly success of a modern Cressida.

For years Lily Langtry prospered exceedingly. The men of Europe walked in her train. George Baird, better known as "Squire Abington," left her, when he



OPENING OF THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

Scene in the Senate Chamber. The Commons listening to the Address.

(See Page Eleven.)

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.

Beginning with next week, Saturday, November the 27th, TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT will appear as a thirty-two-page paper. The paper will be divided into two sections of sixteen pages each, of which one will be devoted largely to women's interests. All the usual departments will be retained, and several others added. Among these additional departments will be: CITY AND COUNTRY HOMES, MEN'S WEAR, FASHIONS (for women), MOTORING, and THE OTHER PAGE, which will be made up of comment on the subjects of the day from a woman's point of view. The paper will be adequately illustrated throughout.

died, a huge sum of money and a racing stable which was the pride of England. On the turf "Mr. Jersey" prospered amazingly. In her years of greatest success, she spent the fortunes of a half dozen men, and probably there are many more who, even yet, are willing to spend their's upon her.

Here is a woman with a scandalous history. A woman who has broken every law that governs her sex, except the statute compelling beauty. She has left in her wake crumbling reputations, blasted hopes and shattered fortunes. To what end?

Perhaps the parsons can construe this riddle.

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THE Toronto Guild of Civic Art, or the Civic Guild as it is now called, has undertaken a work which deserves the hearty support of all Torontonians. The primary object of the Guild of Civic Art is to show the way in civic improvements; to prepare plans for the beautifying of Toronto; to work up a public sentiment in favor of a park system in its best sense; to add to our playgrounds; to beautify the waterfront; to connect up the parks and squares with boulevards; all with an idea of so improving and beautifying the city that it will rank with the most progressive centres of the new world.

The Guild has issued a full and comprehensive report, which includes a detailed map of proposed improvements, the original of which is now hanging in one of the corridors at the City Hall. It is to be hoped that the citizens will study, discuss and eventually approve these plans, thus giving the committee the necessary backing and at the same time impress upon the officials in charge of the city's affairs that the time is ripe to go ahead and do something.

Toronto possesses all requisites. We have the raw material, but it lies with the citizens to put the plans into execution. We have the Don and the Humber, the bay, the ravines and the high ground to the north. We have all the advantages; all that is necessary to make this one of the finest cities on the continent. What is required now is a sufficient number of public spirited citizens to put the plans into execution.

As the Guild points out in its report, Cleveland is going ahead with a broad, comprehensive scheme of a similar nature, and so is Baltimore and Boston, and so are the cities of Mexico and Buenos Ayres, not to mention a dozen or more of the great European centres.

It is a great mistake to imagine that broad boulevards and new parks are all outlay. On the contrary, it has been shown that a great proportion of these improvements pay for themselves in augmented land values. For instance, Central Park, New York, is an actual asset to the city. In other words, the city obtains more in additional revenue from the property adjoining than the park has cost, and that by a good many millions.

If Toronto is ever to become the fine city it should, now is the time to begin, and as a beginning, gentle reader, I would suggest a membership in the Civic Guild, of which John A. Ewan is the president, R. J. Dilworth, treasurer, and W. S. B. Armstrong, secretary.

⁂

THE Catholic clergy in certain sections of France have refused absolution to Catholic children in the public schools if these children insist upon using text books furnished by the Government. These text books—historical—are held to be offensive to Catholicism, and are therefore placed under the ban. If the children go to these schools, which are ably managed in most respects, they must use these books, which the French Government has refused to modify in spite of clerical protest. By remaining away the children obey the church, but must of necessity grow up uneducated for the most part, for the parochial schools in France, owing to governmental opposition, are not as a class of high order, nor are they overplentiful.

Catholicism in France is making a stern, hard fight for life, but is apparently unable to make much headway against the trend of the times. The Revolution well-nigh paralyzed Catholicism in France, and since the bloody days of "89" the church has been able to do little else than give ground. Had the clerical party in the old days stood by the common people of France in place of taking common ground with the aristocrats, they would in all probability not have fallen upon evil times.

THE COLONEL.

The Sunday Post Office.

Editor Saturday Night, Toronto, Ont.:

Dear Sir,—I have noted with interest the recent publications in the various papers regarding the secret move on the part of the Lord's Day Alliance towards the closing of our post offices on Sunday, and beg to submit a few words in connection therewith, having experienced the inconvenience resulting from just such a measure in this place for the last two years.

First of all, will you please advise me through the columns of your valuable paper just how the law reads as regards the keeping open of post offices on Sunday, particularly in unorganized districts. If it demands, as we have been led to believe here, that they be kept closed, then why is it necessary for the Lord's Day Alliance to endeavor to have new laws legislated, prohibiting them being opened?

The people of this place (White River, Ont.) for several years enjoyed the privilege of receiving their mail from the local post office on Sunday, but this was denied them about two years ago and has been ever since, whether through the enforcing of the supposed law by threats of the Alliance or some other such organization or through the suddenly developed faculty for Sabbath observance in the post master, I am unable to say, although I am under the impression the former was the cause of the change.

There are hundreds of places in this Dominion similar to White River where the larger portion of the population live more from necessity than choice and being deprived of any form of entertainment, amusement or instruction on the Sabbath day (Church services being held only spasmodically), they are practically cut off entirely from the outside world by not being able to procure the daily papers on Sunday, as we are not even permitted to purchase a paper from the newsboy on the trains which pass through, thanks to the L. D. A.

We are situated at a point about midway between our two great news centres, Toronto and Winnipeg, and the daily papers which we receive from these two points are twenty-four hours late at best, so that it means that papers which are printed in Toronto on Friday, not being delivered on Sunday, are received on Monday morning, and, of course, the rush and press of work and business prevent those who receive them from enjoying them until Monday is also past, and I would like very much to know how the heads of the L. D. A. would enjoy reading papers that were seventy-two hours old when received?

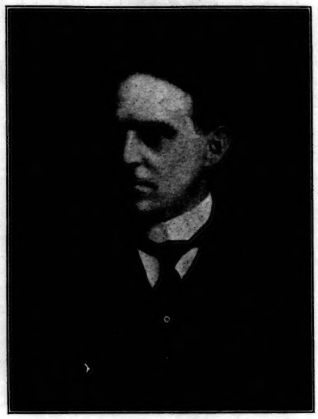
White River and other places similar are prisons enough at best, and when deprived of this privilege they are certainly not inviting to any extent and if the heads of the Lord's Day Alliance would spend six months or a year shut up in one of these burrows, I am quite confident they would modify their drastic views in regards to Sabbath observance. Living in Toronto, where every privilege may be enjoyed and where if necessary all the daily papers can be procured up to midnight on Saturday, it is an easy matter for these men to dictate that Sunday delivery of the mail is not necessary, but one who has to live in such places can easily see the injustice of such legislation.

I am not for a moment in favor of a "wide open" Sunday, but surely the opening of the post office for an hour on Sunday to deliver the mail to an isolated community and the reading of these papers on Sunday by the people at places where there is no other means of occupying their time will not degrade them to such an extent that they are likely to be damned for all time and eternity. Yours for justice,

A WHITE RIVER READER.

White River, Nov. 15, 1909.

[NOTE.—This resident of White River is quite correct in his surmise. They have the Lord's Day Alliance to thank for having no opportunity to obtain their mail on Sundays. White River being in Ontario, and the Lord's Day Alliance running matters with a high hand within the provincial boundaries, the post offices are closed irrespective of the wants of the community. At the moment, the Alliance is endeavoring to give the Western Provinces a taste of the same enactment; and it is with this in view that the present "secret" campaign is being carried on. What White River suffers will be duplicated hundreds of times over if the Lord's Day Alliance is allowed its way in the Western Provinces.—EDITOR.]



FRANK P. JONES who resigned as general manager of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company to become the first general manager of the big cement merger included in the Canada Cement Co.

Ministerial Rebates.

Editor Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—I wish to add my word to the discussion now going on in Saturday Night, re ministerial rebates. Though a minister myself, I have always opposed them, and always take them under protest. At the same time, I cannot prevent the merchants from giving discounts, and when they are forced upon me I cannot refuse them; and my case is that of many other pastors. But, sir, back of this lies another question, viz., the salary of the average pastor. The comparison you drew in your comment several weeks ago, between the salary of the average workman, and that of the average pastor, showed very plainly that you have no conception of the difference in the circumstances of the two men.

The average workman controls the expenditure of his income. The average pastor does not. The pastor should not be compared with the workman, but with the business manager of some financial concern; and then the disparity is striking. The business manager is never compelled to pay business expenses out of his income. If his business requires a horse, the business pays for it. The pastor, even in town, is compelled to use a horse frequently, for purely parish duty, and the $50.00 per year, or more, comes out of his salary. If a business manager, or any other official is expected to entertain, he has an allowance for that purpose. The pastor is compelled to keep an open hotel, the cost of which is not less than $75.00 per year. The average church member selects, out of the several schemes of his church, those which he chooses to support. The pastor is expected to contribute to every scheme. I know of cases where the pastor has given more to charity and missions, than all the members combined.

These facts, Mr. Editor, should be considered, when ministerial finances are discussed.

I am, sir,

AN AVERAGE PASTOR.

Simcoe, Ont., Nov. 15, 1909.

Homespun Philosophy.

SAY, I git mixed on things sometimes;
It ain't no wonder, eh?
'Cause, by wot some says, things is bound
To go wrong, anyway.

Some says we're natur'lly all bad—
Clean *unregenified;*
And all that's good they do themselves,
And sort of on the side.

Sometimes, when things is wrong, I think
Sure 'nough that nothin's right.
Then I git mixed. But things all seem
Clean different to-night.

The old mare ran away last week—
The papers had it in;
But didn't add, for fifteen years
It was her only sin.

The papers print the desper'te things,
But hain't a word to say
'Bout dogs not mad, an' horses that
Has never run away.

It wouldn't be no news to tell
The good done every day;
About the men who saw their wood,
And never preach, but pay.

D'ye know why I ain't mixed to-night?
Well, I guess you mind my Kate;
Her as has been in town three years,
Workin' early an' late;

Workin' and helpin' the folks at home
To clear the mortgage away.
Well, thinkin' of Kate has made things seem
Bright as a summer day.

An' if the city is so bad
It's more than got its share
Of our best girls an' boys—enough
To keep it fair an' square.

Yet, though we can't be all like Kate—
All good, clean through an' through—
If sins weren't talked so big we'd think
That they was mighty few.

H. W. J.

A Famous Stamp Collection.

ONE of the largest private stamp collections ever sold has just been acquired, for the sum of £24,500, by W. H. Peckitt, a London stamp-dealer, from the executors of the late Sir William Avery, of Birmingham. Collected throughout a long life from the age of eight, it is generally considered to be the largest general collection of postage stamps next to that in the British Museum. It is rich in all the great rarities, comprises from 90,000 to 100,000 stamps, and represents almost completely the postal systems of every country in the world.

Two "gems" are unused Post Office Mauritius stamps engraved by a local watchmaker in Mauritius in 1847. The Prince of Wales paid £1,450 at auction for the two-penny stamp unused. Only two copies of the penny stamp in this state are known. Recently in Paris a collection of Swiss stamps of the millionaire banker M. Paul Mirabaud was sold for approximately £8,000, but in the Avery collection there are several unique pieces lacking in the Mirabaud one. Unused copies of the double Geneva stamp, of which there are seven and a half in one block, fetch £75 each. So rare is the whole top two rows of the five centimes Eagle stamp of Geneva that its value can hardly be estimated.

The Avery collection of three-cornered issues of Cape of Good Hope in many respects is superior to the Vernon Roberts collection, sold to Mr. Peckitt in 1907 for £4,000. The original stamps were engraved in London, but during a temporary shortage in the Colony a local engraver had to provide an imitation. These are excessively rare. There are a unique block of four of the penny brick-red stamp and a pair and a single of the fourpence unused and five superb used pairs. Among the stamps of Ceylon the unperforated ninepence lilac-brown stamp is valued at £125. The collection also includes a copy of the three-lire stamp of Tuscany unused, worth about £100.

The pair of the twenty-seven paras Moldavian stamp are priceless, and in no other collection will there be found so large a number of the rare first stamps of Moldavia, for which Sir William Avery had a penchant. On one day he bought three complete sets, twelve stamps, for £2,000—a record deal in any single class of rarity.

The collection includes many rare stamps of Great Britain, among them being some of the parliamentary envelopes issued in January 1840, some five months before the issue of the first stamp and the Mulready envelope. There is a part sheet of twenty of the rare penny black V.R. stamp, worth about £10 a piece singly, and of almost priceless value in a large block as in this instance. Sir William has also an experimental stamp showing the first attempts to perforate postage stamps by Mr. Henry Archer.

There are of the famous circular British Guiana stamps of 1850 the four cents on orange paper, another on yellow paper, two copies of the eight cents on green paper, and five of the twelve cents on blue paper, some being valued at over £100. Of the 1856 series the one cent black on magenta stamp is missing, the only copy in existence being in the possession of a French collector. Of the companion rarity, the four cents on blue paper, Sir William possessed a superb copy valued at over £200. Of the next series of 1862 the four cents black on blue is shown in a complete reconstructed sheet, including seventeen unused and unsigned copies, each lacking the signature of the postmaster. Only three examples of such sheets are known, the others being in the British Museum and in the French collection referred to.

Unique again is the only word which will describe the beautiful unused pair of the 12D black stamp of Canada, of which the collection contains five copies in all. This stamp is worth $500 a copy.

The First Parachute Drop.

IN these days when practical aeronautics seems to be assured, it is difficult to realize that the first parachute leap from a balloon was made less than twenty-five years ago. The credit for this feat, according to The St. Louis Globe-Democrat, belongs to Thomas Baldwin. Of the origin and first test of this spectacular feature of ballooning we read:

Two wire-rope walkers stood by a window of a fifth-floor room in a New Orleans hotel one spring morning in 1884 and fastened together the four corners of a tissue-paper napkin. A cork was attached by a thread to where the napkin corners met, and the contrivance was released into the balmy air. First, it rose slightly then careened across to the opposite side of the street, struck an eddy, whirled around a few times, and softly dropped to the ground.

The young men who made the experiment were Samuel and Thomas Baldwin, left orphans in their boyhood.

As they made their way to the Pacific Coast, after the napkin test at New Orleans, they tried to interest parties in the various towns through which they passed, promising if they would furnish a balloon they would leap from it with an umbrella, the "angels" to receive half the proceeds. But no one could be found who wanted to encourage such a foolhardy enterprise.

January, 1885, found the Baldwin brothers in California, cutting monkey shines on a wire stretched from the Cliff House to Seal Rocks, a distance of 650 feet. The resort was thronged with pleasure-seekers. In the park a man was giving ascensions in a captive balloon. The sport was only interesting to those making the ascent and did not attract much attention.

It was suggested by the Baldwins that if the balloonist were to voyage upward a mile or two in his airship and then drop to the ground he might stimulate business. The aeronaut laughed and said he did not care to pay the price.

But he was a good-natured fellow, and said if the rope-walkers wanted to do a fool stunt like that they could use his balloon.

The Baldwins prepared a parachute and first tried it, ballasted with sand bags, and dropped from a high cliff. It didn't look like the bags were bumped very hard when they struck the ground, and Tom was awarded the honor of making the first real trial of the parachute as an adjunct to ballooning. The undertaking was extensively advertised, and all San Francisco turned out to see a man commit suicide.

The big gas bag travelled a mile upward before Tom cut the parachute loose. He decided if the experiment didn't work he wouldn't be any more dead from a mile than from a couple of hundred feet. The broad silk cover opened out gracefully, and the air navigator started slowly toward the earth.

Then something happened on which neither Tom nor his brother had calculated, in spite of their careful study of the subject. The big parasol began to oscillate viciously. Tom clung for dear life to his frail support, and accomplished successfully the first parachute leap in America.

There are two trade secrets, at least, that the world at large may never learn. One is the Chinese method of making the bright and beautiful color known as vermilion, or Chinese red; and the other is a Turkish secret—the inlaying of the hardest steel with gold and silver. Among the Chinese and the Turks these two secrets are guarded well. Apprentices, before they are taken for either trade, must swear an ironclad oath to reveal nothing of what passes in the workshop. These apprentices, furthermore, must belong to families of standing, must pay a large sum by way of guarantee, and must furnish certificates of good character and honesty. These secrets have been handed down faithfully from one generation to another for hundreds of years.

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FINANCIAL

TORONTO · MONTREAL

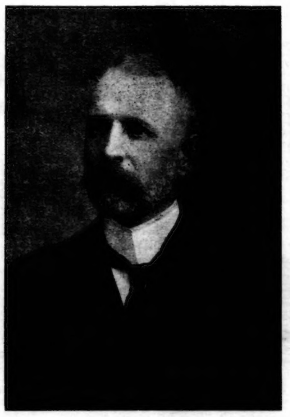
MONTREAL, Nov. 18, 1909.

A MAN by the name of Cahan seems to appear somewhere in pretty nearly every deal of consequence which is put through by Montrealers these days. Chas. H. Cahan, K.C., is his full name and title, and his versatility prohibits one from describing in one word his profession. He was a newspaper man at one time and somewhere about the same time was a politician, attaining no little prominence in both. We, in Montreal, probably know him more especially as a lawyer, he having taken up the study of that profession after he had his fill of newspaper work. As a lawyer—more particularly a corporation lawyer—he has been connected with more big deals during the past few years than any other lawyer in Canada, probably, and it looks as though his career, in this respect, had little more than begun.

⁂

Newspaper man add Politician

Cahan is an athletic man, physically and mentally, and if in the former respect he is as capable of wielding the club as in the latter, I would very much dislike to meet him in his back lane on a dark night—unless I had a good explanation on the end of my tongue. He was born, I am told, in a little place called Hebron, situated some five miles from Yarmouth, N.S. Nova-Scotians are not a little fond of calling ones attention to the number of great men who have come from Nova Scotia, and those of us who are of an obliging turn of mind should have no objection to helping on the work of advertising the little province. So, let them make as much as they can of Cahan. He attended the Yarmouth Academy and was doubtless as awkward and as quarrelsome and as stupid as most of other boys, and, like other boys, having occasional lucid intervals during which he absorbed a quantity of the necessary and unnecessary information pounded into the youth of the land in the old days of the hickory stick. He went into the newspaper business, after graduating, because he was bright, I am told, and I deem it quite likely that he left it for some good reason. At any rate, he was connected for some time with the Halifax Herald, and later became leader of the opposition party in Nova Scotia. In order to know what his politics are, it is only necessary to say that the leader of the government, at that time was W. S. Fielding—the people's W. S. He too was in the newspaper business—Halifax Chronicle—and he too was too bright for it, presumably, at any rate he has a better job now.



Charles H. Cohan, a K.C. and a financier.

⁂

Means of his Deliverance.

We next find Charles H. Cahan studying law. He never let petty objects stand in his road, so that the fact that he was getting along in years when he took up law in no way deterred him from his purpose. He was no sooner through his studies than he took a partnership and jumped to the front in the Marathon of life. The firm he associated himself with was later known as Henry, Harris & Cahan. One of his most prominent political opponents, along about this time, it is interesting to recall, was the present Judge Longley—he of Steel-Coal litigation fame. Cahan, himself, has some Steel-Coal litigation fame adhering to his toga, so that, even though he and Longley may not be steering an absolutely parallel course they occasionally catch sight of each other while tacking up towards their financial harbors. It is said that the proceedings always became quite entertaining to the audience when the two opponents met on the hustings. However, Cahan was now nearing the time when he could join the numbers of the aforesaid great who had left Nova Scotia. His work was bringing him closer to the promotion of corporations of various kinds and his experience with the formation of the Trinidad, Demerara and other southern public service corporations was the means of his deliverance.

⁂

Wanted—A Man.

The time came when the promoters of the Mexican Light and Power Co. wanted a man. They chose Cahan and practically made him the whole board—so far as Mexico was concerned. In fact, the laws of the country, if nothing else, would have compelled the company to have a resident representative who had practically all the powers of a directorate and who could do things on the instant without having to refer to the boss. He carried on negotiations with the Mexican government and obtained concessions and stood very high with President Diaz who, no doubt, would be glad to see his six feet four loom into his doorway any time Cahan can find the time to call round. Sperling & Co. were now accumulating a considerable interest in the company and the well-known effort to lease the Power Co. to the Mexican Tramways Co., on a 4 per cent. basis, was made. That Sperling & Co. had the consent of the Bank of Montreal interests, was claimed at the time of the trouble, a year or so since. The Power Co. owed the bank between one or two millions, and more money was still needed for construction. The Tramway Co. promised to raise the money for the Power Co.; it was stated the Power Co. could not raise the money itself. Sperlings began their deal, and then something suddenly happened. Sir George Drummond resigned from the presidency of the Power Co., as a protest against the deal, and Sir Edward Clouston took his place. Cahan appeared on the scene—"scene" was the descriptive term employed by a paper at the time, in relating what happened when Cahan appeared. By going to London and ascertaining that the Power Co. could raise the money, and by showing that the Power Co. could earn 8 per cent. on its capital, he demonstrated that the lease was—well, what you call that when the man with the mask appears through the window and you feel a cold, round hole pressed against your damp brow, etc. The whole thing was a mistake for which no one in particular may have been to blame; and after Cahan appeared, no one, save the people who are irrevocably committed to it, wanted it. So the deal fell through in that particular form. But the opposite crowd got control and the resident representative was seen no more upon those familiar Mexican hills.

⁂

Things Coming His Way, Fast

The fight gained for him prominence and popularity and admiration, and presently, when the Coal Co. got its final body punch, Charles H. Cahan was deemed the very man to make the attempt to get the company out with the least expense. He did it. Next, the Stave Lake Power crowd wanted a man to go to B.C. and look the deal over and bring it to a conclusion. Cahan was again the choice and when the company became the Western Canada Power Co., the Montreal crowd made him the first president. This company was promoted mainly by Mr. W. M. Aitkin, president of the Royal Securities Corporation, who performed a similar service for the new Canada Cement Co. As in the case of the Western Canada Power Co., the Cement company recently needed an active, forceful head, and again C. H. Cahan was chosen. He and the head of the Royal Securities have worked along in more or less close association for some years now—possibly because each can get along better that way and possibly because they're both from Nova Scotia.

⁂

On the Latest Coal Deal Too.—Such was the admiration of James Ross, for the manner in which various deals and negotiations have been carried out the past few years, that when he sold out his $50,000 Coal stock the other day, he had to have little C. H. Cahan in to look things all over in order that there might be no unpleasant aftermath. In fact, viewing the field from every standpoint, I cannot see anyone in sight, just now, who seems to be so much in demand in certain quarters as the illustrious Mr. Cahan. From all I can make out, his strenuousness and his determination are his distinguished characteristics. These, together with a clear brain, his accurate knowledge of corporation law, his experience in the operation of public service corporations and in the political arena—which latter two are commonly understood to be closely related—readily explain why he doesn't have to go out early hunting for work as he would have had to do had he continued on the editorial end of the newspaper business.

T. C. A.

⁂

TORONTO, Nov. 18, 1909.

OURS is a world in which joy is the near neighbor of sorrow, or where chagrin is next of kin to elation; it all depends upon circumstances and the point of view. Only a few brief months ago the Dominion Steel Company emerged victorious from a long process of litigation and as a salve to its wounded feelings, those august judges, who sit in suave impartiality upon colonial cases, forwarded for adjudication to London, awarded damages expressed in terms of seven figures. Weeks passed swiftly on and then came the announcement that the erstwhile discomfited Dominion Coal Company was in a more tractable frame of mind—that steps were being taken by our own E. R. Wood, assisted by other Toronto capitalists, such as Sir Henry Pellatt, Senator Cox and W. D. Matthews, to arrive at a basis upon which the two companies, formerly hostile, might be united in bonds of amity and useful endeavor. And finally, only last Saturday, all the preliminary difficulties were overcome, arrangements having been made to take over the whole of the holdings which stood in the name of Mr. James Ross. It looked as though, in the sky, there existed no presage of coming storm; that on tranquil waters the sailing for the future would be clear, spirited and buoyant. But the tone of the picture was changed in the twinkling of an eye. Almost coincident with the announcement of the happy decision mentioned, came the report, subsequently confirmed, that the manager of the Dominion Steel Company, Mr. J. P. Jones, would retire and become director of the recently formed Canada Cement Company.

⁂

Mr. Plummer was Disconcerted.

And don't you believe, for an instant, that the resignation of Mr. Jones caused merely an evanescent flutter in the Dominion Steel camp. President Plummer, while speaking in terms of the highest praise of his former assistant—of what might almost be termed his own right arm—hastened to say that a successor would be readily found, though not, perhaps, immediately. In the employ of the Steel Company were many, he thought, who might be promoted both with advantage to themselves and the company. But the promotion, in the eyes of the discerning, would have been mainly to the advantage of the promoted and not largely advantageous to the company. The fact of the matter is that Mr. Plummer was deeply chagrined at the turn

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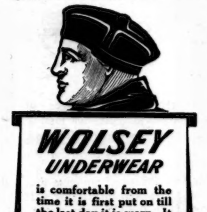

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events had taken—more deeply disconcerted than he cared to admit. By those who have had an opportunity to gauge his work at close range, Mr. Jones is considered to be one of the most capable men in the commercial life of the Dominion to-day, and that fact is in no way more clearly indicated than by the, for this country, striking salary which he will receive in his new position. Mr. Jones is now in that class which is represented by the Governor-General, by a couple of railroad presidents and by some few, though very few, general managers of banks. It is said that he will be in receipt of thirty-five thousand dollars a year; which is some salary, as all will admit.

***

Mr. Jones gains Recognition.

The recognition which has come to Mr. Jones has been by no means easily earned. Back of the present princely stipend, and a position in the forefront of Canada's commercial army are several years of the most exacting toil. Pre-eminence has come to Mr. Jones with apparent ease, but it was his energy, his ability and his untiring efforts that made the various stages of promotion look easy. While still a very young man, Mr. Jones was sales agent for the Nova Scotia Steel Company, and the output of that concern which he did not foist on an awaiting market, in the face of the keenest competition, could be placed in a small corner of your cellar. People simply had to buy Nova Scotia coal and pig iron and rails; its sales agent was so energetic and persuasive that he was not to be gainsaid. To make a long story short, Mr. Jones did such a whale of a business for his employers that, very naturally, envious eyes were cast in his direction. It was not long before he was occupying a similar position with the Dominion Iron and Steel Company. Afforded a wider field—given additional opportunities—Mr. Jones was soon, by reason of his aptitude and discretion, virtually the manager of the larger company. A couple of years later he was manager in fact as well as in name—a position which he has continued to occupy with abounding success up to the present time.

***

Enemies who are Worth While.

Being a man of great force of character, Mr. Jones, as is not unusual in such cases, made many enemies as well as friends. Numbered among the former is the redoubtable Jas. Ross, of whom mention has appeared every now and then in newspapers. Much of their antipathy arose, of course, out of the Steel-Coal dispute in the courts. They do say that Mr. Jones gave the lawyers upholding the cause of the Coal company in the original trial any amount of trouble, and this did not serve to commend him to the good-will of Mr. Ross. But the truth of the matter doubtless is, that Mr. Jones was informed first hand on the different points that came up during his examination, whereas the opposing lawyers had to glean their information from instructions afforded by practical men. Mr. Jones was not a kid-gloved manager. He knew the inner workings of the Steel company. Holidays—every spare moment—he spent in examining the property from end to end. Much of this enthusiasm he succeeded in imparting to his men. Indeed, most of the success which has come to the Steel company outside of the realms of finance, where Mr. J. H. Plummer has reigned supreme, and the courts, where ex-Judge Nesbitt held sway, is directly traceable to the manager who now passes out of the life of the company.

***

How they Love Each other.

The transfer in allegiance which Mr. Jones is soon to make was, no doubt, actuated in a certain degree by the personal consideration to which allusion has been made. Mr. Ross being a man of discrimination—a man who knows a man when he sees one—disclaims any hostility toward Mr. Jones, and Mr. Jones, speaking also in general terms, would likely, were he questioned, attribute to Mr. Ross many virtues. But, back of all parliamentary phrasing, remains on both sides a disinclination to have much to do with each other. In the Steel crowd, during the protracted litigation, there was no one more arrogantly assured of the justice of the Steel case than was Mr. Jones. Mr. Ross' overbearing contempt for his opponents, which was only modulated when the Privy Council rendered judgment, was scarcely a circumstance to the sentiments entertained by Mr. Jones. The latter not only knew—with emphasis on the "knew"—that the Steel contention was just, but he also knew—with renewed emphasis on the "knew"—that the Steel company couldn't lose. Backing up his judgment in this respect, he bought all the stock he could when it was down around fifteen and twenty, and perhaps he hasn't made an honest cent or two by the appreciation which has occurred since the Lords of the Privy Council sent Mr. James Ross back to Montreal with a saddened and chastened spirit. Who can say whether Mr. Jones' unswerving loyalty to the Steel company through all its tribulations may not account for the fact that he is now contemplating, according to reports on the street, the purchase of a very large block of Cement common?

***

Big Future for Canada Cement.

It would not be correct to surmise, however, that Mr. Jones is going over to the Canada Cement Company on purely personal grounds—because he saw in the selection of Mr. J. K. L. Ross, as one of the vice-presidents of the new company, an attempt to perpetuate the influence of the father through the son. Mr. Jones had nothing to fear. Those who knew the personnel of both companies are united in the belief that the Dominion Coal Company had no one to compare with Mr. Jones, as the head of the operating department of the proposed Canadian Steel and Coal Corporation. The chances are that when all the rock cement plants situated east of the Rocky Mountains were brought together last summer, eyes were cast about for a manager who would be able to control so huge an undertaking. As it seems certain that the Dominion Steel Company will have to go abroad to secure a manager, there being only a few in the United States capable of filling the shoes now vacated, and these not readily available, except at a salary far beyond anything now paid in Canada, Mr. Jones, who necessarily came in this category, looked to be about the only choice. But Mr. Jones did not decide hastily. He canvassed the situation thoroughly. He saw the tremendous increase made in the consumption of cement in the last five years, notwithstanding the fact that the first cement company commenced operations in Canada in 1886, and naturally came to the conclusion that cement was only in its infancy. The result of these investigations is that Mr. Jones is understood to have said that the future of the Canada Cement Company is greater than anything he had ever dreamed for the Dominion Steel Company.

Steel-Coal Merger Under Way.

The latest expression in this country of the movement toward consolidation is, of course, the projected Steel-Coal merger which is now being worked out by willing brains. Details are largely lacking, and the basis upon which the union, when finally completed, will have been achieved is altogether a matter of conjecture. The only definite fact patent to the public at the moment is the passage of control in Dominion Coal to other hands. Even at that Mr. James Ross is still a factor to be reckoned with, for he remains, as heretofore, one of the largest individual holders of Steel stock in the country. If he still desires to make trouble, those who have the consolidation in charge will have all the trouble they may desire. It behooves them, therefore, to walk warily in the path of the canny Scot. Thus far the effect of the merger market-wise has not been appreciable. Steel advanced slightly, as was to have been expected, while Coal remained practically stationary. Speculators are more anxious to secure possession of Steel stock than of Coal for obvious reasons, and this explains to a great extent the more considerable activity in the former apparent for several days past.

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Grain Prices Persistently Strong.

The general trend of the grain markets at the principal centres during the past week has been toward higher prices and this, in face of a pronounced decrying of the movement on the part of dealers in the West. The result in question is the outcome of the fact that millers all over the continent went into the new crop with scarcely a vestige of reserve stocks—a situation that has rarely been known to occur before. When wheat, last spring, went to phenomenal heights, everyone who had any on hand was anxious to sell. The market was, consequently, cleaned up in the most thorough fashion. From Europe the Export demand, all fall, has been good, the only country that showed anything like an exceptional crop being Russia. Circumstances such as these have combined to give stability as well as strength to the prices at the moment. One of the chief factors in the grain market from now on will, of course, be the growth in Argentina and Australasia. Undoubtedly the size of the crops in these regions will affect prices to a great extent about the first of the year. Reports from Argentina have indicated a backward crop and there has been some talk of decimation by locusts. Some have minimized the danger, no doubt; others have, possibly, exaggerated it. So far as the best information goes, however, the crop in Argentina will be about the size of that harvested last year. Latest reports go to show that the crop is excellent in almost every part of Australia and New Zealand; indeed, a record-breaker is predicted for the season of 1909-10.

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Sao Paulo is in Good Shape.

During the past week the stock of the Sao Paulo Company, after a period of quietude, sprang suddenly into life, and in only a few days a considerable appreciation occurred. For a long time Sao Paulo sold steadily in the vicinity of 157, which was the high point of the year 1908, but last spring there came a sudden slump to 142¾, which is the low point of the present year. So far as can be gleaned, there is no particular news to account for the present activity of this security. Brokers tell us that the buying that has occurred thus far is mainly on London account, and this, in view of the money conditions in England, is not any particular cause for wonderment. Paying a ten per cent. dividend, Sao Paulo, at 160, the point that may be possibly reached ere the week has elapsed, makes a return of 6.25 per cent. on the investment, and that, to the British investor, usually content with four and five per cent., is like found money. But aside altogether from the market view of the question, the Sao Paulo Company is in the best physical condition. With a large reservoir completed, it has an inexhaustible supply of water to carry it through the dry season, and steps are now being taken to provide an additional generator to give the increased supplies that will be necessary before long should the present demand for power continue.

INVESTOR.

The Decline in Crown Reserve.

The outstanding feature in the week's Cobalt market was the so-called bear raid on Crown Reserve, or rather the marketing of 3,000 odd shares in Montreal which caused a break in the price of the stock from 560 to 500 and under. Well may the question be asked: If 3,000 shares causes a break of 50 cents, how many shares will it take to put the stock out of business?

The Montreal interests are accusing Toronto of spreading false news. It is unnecessary to manufacture; the truth is potent enough. The facts are these: Sam Cohen, manager, has sold out by private sale to Col. Carson, and work has been stopped on the main or Carson vein. All through the summer the mine has averaged three cars per week; last week, one car; week before, none; week before that, one car.

From one who has recently investigated the plans in the company's head office, the writer has gained this information: The main vein above the 100 foot level is half stoped out; the one on the 200 foot level is of very inferior grade in common with the general history of Cobalt ore deposits.

The statement has been frequently made that the Kerr Lake is down 450 feet in good ore. This has no bearing upon the Crown Reserve, for the workings in question are on the No. 3 vein of the Kerr Lake, which is in the Diabase formation. No information is available from the Kerr Lake people as to results attained in the workings of their No. 7 vein which runs into, or is supposed to run into, Crown Reserve. Incidentally, it may be said that the Crown Reserve have not been able to find any bonanza deposits emanating from the Kerr Lake property. Last week the writer gave what Crown Reserve should have had to be worth the money: $20,000,000 in sight or reasonably prospective.

The most the Crown Reserve people claim is $7,000,000, or one-third of what is required. Consequently, Crown Reserve stock is worth just one-third of what it is selling for accepting the "insiders'" statement of reserves.

As hinted last week, the management is up against the serious problem of water. Unless some other explanation is at hand, it must be accepted that the reason of work being suspended on the main ore body is the water difficulty.

The statement has often been made that the insiders control the market in Crown Reserve. The books of the company show that the insiders hold 800,000 shares, while the public has a million. Will the tail wag the dog? It would seem that some stock will come into the market as the high price for the stock seems to have been reached.

Reports from the north country indicate that a revival of interest is developing in Gow Ganda, and with the coming of the snow and the cheapening of supplies, conditions should improve.

COBALT.

BANK OF HAMILTON

Dividend Notice

Notice is hereby given, that a Dividend on the Capital Stock of the Bank of Two and one-half per cent. (being at the rate of ten per cent. per annum) for the quarter ending 30th November, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its branches, on and after 1st December next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 23rd to the 30th November, both inclusive. By order of the Board,

J. TURNBULL, Gen. Mgr.

Hamilton, 18th Oct., 1909.

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Gerhard Heintzman Co., No. 97 Yonge St.

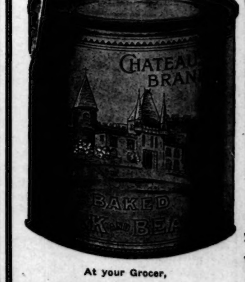
TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY the 23rd, 24th, 25th November

commencing at 10 o'clock sharp each day, comprising Elegant "Knabe" Grand Pianoforte, J. & C. Fischer Grand Pianoforte, Handsome Upright Pianoforte, Mahogany Inlaid Sofas, Chairs and Easy Chairs, Card Tables, Parisian Parlor Cabinets, Chippendale, Sheraton and other Chairs, Elegant Carved Mahogany Dining-room Sets, Drawing-room Suites, Library, Den and Bedroom Furnishings, Rare Old Mahogany, Walnut, Bird's-eye Maple, Satinwood and other Furniture; Persian and Turkish Rugs and Carpets; Grandfather's Clocks; Fine Cut-Glass; over 500 ozs. of Sterling Silver; Valuable Collection of Old Arms, Old Guns, Pistols, Swords and Armor; Elegant Silk and other Draperies; Valuable Oil and Water-color Paintings by Jacobi, O'Brien, Fowler, Fraser, Creswell, Harlow White, Marten, Millard and others; Rare old Baxter and other Prints; old Sporting Pictures; Brass Dogs and Fenders; Twin and other Brass Bedsteads; Cane and Wicker Chairs; 10 Mahogany and other Wardrobes; Elegant Mahogany and other Bedroom Sets; Cheffoniers, Lady's and Gent's Dressers; Cheval Glasses; Valuable collection of Crown Derby, old Worcester, Dresden, Severs and other China; Crystal and other Gasaliers, Bronzes, Clocks; Wilton, Velvet and other high-grade Carpets, making in all the largest and most magnificent collection of Household Furniture ever offered by Auction in Canada.

Catalogues ready on the 19th, and may be obtained at our Offices, 87-89 King St. East. The entire collection will be on view on Monday, the 22nd, from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Out-of-town buyers can have goods packed and shipped by practical men on the premises.

Chas. M. Henderson & Co., Auctioneers



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BY first dipping your tooth-brush into a tin of
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the cleaning is made more complete and satisfactory.
The use of this popular dentifrice ensures a real antiseptic cleansing, helps the toothbrush to do its work easily, thoroughly, and pleasantly, and thus assists your efforts to preserve the teeth in the best possible condition
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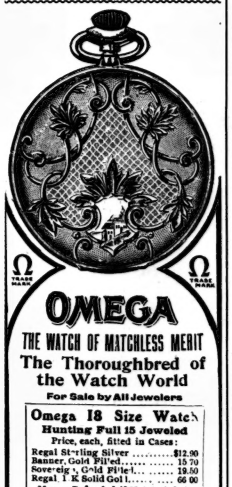

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"The Cigarette of Distinction"
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A blend of various kinds of tobacco, of which the Turkish is just sufficiently predominant to give the cigarette individuality, distinction, character.
Ten for 15 cents

LONDON, Nov. 6, 1909.

THE King has been very busy this week keeping many engagements made some time ago, before starting off to-day to Sandringham to stay for his birthday celebrations. After that the Court goes to Windsor to receive the young King of Portugal, who arrives in another ten days. The Queen, with Princess Victoria and Queen Maud of Norway and the small boy who is Crown Prince of Norway, arrived the other night in a downpour of rain. The King and the Prince and Princess of Wales went to Victoria to meet them, and in spite of the truly suicidal weather a number of people waited about under dripping umbrellas to catch a glimpse of the royalties driving to Buckingham Palace.

There is always an interest in these proceedings. First the Royal carriages and omnibus roll along to the station; then if one is near the station there is always the chance of catching a glimpse of the royalties going to meet the train, and sometimes Mr. Asquith or some other celebrity drives past quickly. Mr. Asquith, by the way, is somewhat like the modest violet in these days of suffragettes with petitions, and hides in the back of the carriage as much as possible. The people standing about watch with great interest while the police stop the traffic, at the last minute, so that no one is inconvenienced more than is necessary, which is characteristic of England where everybody's rights are respected. Presently each policeman holds up his hand to the next, and a mounted policeman rides along. This is the signal, and everyone leans forward from the curb to see the carriages with their fine horses drive along. In the dazzle of lights you are lucky if you catch a glimpse of the faces of the King and Queen and the rest of the party, but that is enough to repay their patient subjects who have stood for some time just for that glance.

* * *

THE general public will have a chance to see King Manuel, of Portugal, that pathetic young figure, when he comes to the City to be entertained by the Lord Mayor at the Guildhall. The rest of the visit is at Windsor, but this one is the Londoners' own. The route on the return to Paddington Station is through the City, along the Embankment, through the Horse Guards—sacred, by the way, to the carriages only of royal personages and a few of the elect—into Horse Guards Parade, the Mall, and along Constitution Hill. At Horse Guards Parade and Constitution Hill the sight is very picturesque and striking. The whole way is lined with troops, and several bands play while the people wait with what patience they possess.

At last there is a murmur and everyone presses to the front; in dashes a carriage with a mounted escort and everyone stares at the royal visitor. The other carriages with the members of the royal family and the various suites pass and in a brief space of time while the bands are crashing loyal music, the procession is driving along between rows of soldiers in gay uniform and is out of sight in no time.

Next year whatever foreign royalty comes to visit the City will be able to drive through the splendid new arch from Trafalgar to the Mall which is to serve as its chief entrance, and by which all the great royal processions will pass instead of through the Horse Guards. The arch is reminiscent of the Colosseum at Rome, but is, to tell the truth, rather dwarfed by the many buildings adjacent.

* * *

LADY McLAREN, the new president of the Society of Women Journalists, has discovered why so few women have made a great success as poets. She passed on the discovery at the annual meeting held the other day at the Waldorf Hotel, and here it is. It is because women writers are deprived of two of the great inspirations of men—Women and Wine.

"You cannot deny," said Lady McLaren, amid the laughter of the audience, "that Men and Tea do not inspire verse to the same extent. This is one of the ways in which we are handicapped."

The brilliant and attractive new president of a Society which boasts among its members many of the cleverest women in London, is an admirable example of a cultivated, charming Englishwoman. She is a good speaker and writer, a renowned Liberal hostess, as the wife of Sir Charles McLaren, an experienced journalist, and part owner of a Liberal newspaper, and one of the foremost of the many brilliant women who have thrown all their influence in favour of obtaining women's suffrage.

The women journalists are absolutely non-party, as their choice of presidents evidences. The retiring president, Mrs. J. R. Green, the widow of the great historian, and herself a writer of high standing, expresses no views for or against women's suffrage, while the preceding president, Mrs. Humphry Ward, is, as everyone knows, strongly against women's suffrage. At the meeting the other day there were a number of well-known women present, including Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, of the British Journal of Nursing, who is handsome and well-dressed; Mrs. Tooley, "Sarah Tooley," who writes entertainingly about subjects connected with royalty, and has written the life of Florence Nightingale; Mrs. Arthur Stannard, "John Strange Winter," and Miss Pullen-Burry, the traveller, and writer on scientific subjects. The Duchess of Sutherland, "John Oliver Hobbs," and Flora Annie Steel, are among the past presidents of the Society, with which, by the way, the Canadian Woman's Press Club is affiliated.

* * *

CHRISTMAS is being prepared for, and has been for some weeks, by the confectioners particularly. In the pastry-cooks' you can get a statement of what it costs to send an English plum pudding, or a plum cake, to any part of the world. It is quite fascinating to read the list of places on the globe to which it is possible, the plum-pudding with all its terrors, penetrates. The enterprising pastry-cook pre-supposes that you have friends in Tasmania, in the South Sea Islands, in South Africa, on the Gold Coast, in Alaska, in India, in Ceylon, in San Domingo, in New Zealand, in the Falkland Islands, in Egypt, and in a great many other distant spots; he therefore mentions the prices of various sizes of puddings and cakes, and tells you what the additional postage will be. Some people are never satisfied, for when this was related to a mere man, he said grudgingly:

"Good enough, but why didn't he put in on what days the last Christmas mails to all these jolly places closed?"

* * *

"THE quickness with which the people here catch on to things is surprising," said the newly-arrived American. "I was coming through that little square the other evening; it was the night before Guy Fawkes Day, and a small and very ragged dirty child stood near me and mumbled something. As I knew she was asking for a penny I merely said "H'm, h'm" and went on. But in a tone of indignant incredulity, with the air of 'Have you a soul so dead!' she shrilled after me:

"'*Not* for Mrs. Pankhors!'" and I stopped.

"She had a little old chair, and on it sat a figure made of an old coat, a bonnet and a false face. This represented women's suffrage! There was no cringing air of 'Please give me a pinny sir, I'm so cold.' Not a bit of it. She was an up-to-date young person, conversant with the topics of the day, and she met you and demanded the penny as man to man."

"Quite true," said the Canadian, "and talking of catching on to things, there is a poulterer named Frost in business in London. The Cook-Peary business had hardly started when he got out a poster and advertised extensively:

"'Neither Cook nor Peary was the first at the Pole; Frost was there first,' and then proceeded to mention the prices of game and chickens, to be obtained from the gentleman himself.'"

* * *

THE Million Shilling Fund to fight Socialism received a gift of a shilling the other day with a note. The note stated that the shilling was the one the writer, an old soldier, received when he "took the Queen's shilling" in 1865. It was sent to help "her son His Majesty King Edward to maintain his throne against the attacks of the Socialists."

M. E. MACL. M.

The Chapel of the Pyx.

TO those for whom the breach of any ancient custom is objectionable and deplorable, says The London Daily Mail, it will come as a severe shock to learn that the Chapel of the Pyx in Westminster Abbey is now open to the public. For centuries visitors have been excluded from this interesting remnant of the original building of Edward the Confessor. The exclusion was solidly effected by double doors of heavy timber, each door having three massive locks encased in wood, and keys about a foot in length were required to turn the locks. The pyx, or box, containing the standard coins of the realm was removed from the chapel long ago, and the old wooden chests, strengthened by iron bands and guarded by three iron locks, that still remain in it, contain nothing to attract the burglar. It was otherwise in 1303, when Richard de Podelicote stole jewels, precious vessels, and money from the Pyx Chamber. During the Long Parliament thieves made a successful descent upon the regalia in the same place. And the Commons then ordered "that the locks shall be opened and new locks set upon the doors.' The Chapel of the Pyx, as a royal treasury of former days, is not under the control of the Abbey authorities but of the Commissioners of his Majesty's Works and Public Buildings, and it is by their order that the public were admitted to the venerable Saxon place of worship last Tuesday. The chapel contains a stone altar standing upon two steps, a piscina of thirteenth century workmanship, an interesting central pillar which has, unfortunately, lost much of its carving, and some other relics of high antiquity. It has been suggested that it should once more be used for its original purpose of Divine service on certain solemn occasions.

There seems to be a mild strain of mechanical inventiveness latent in the House of Lords. One of Lord Kelvin's most remarkable achievements was the invention of a water-tap—remarkable in the sense that the same lofty genius that made the Atlantic cable possible could descend to the humble requirements of the common or household plumber. Now Lord Verulam comes forward with a novelty in beer taps; while Lord Wemyss' latest invention is a combined spade, pickaxe, and saw for army work, which, at a pinch, can be used as a shield. Now, if the combined inventiveness of the House of Peers could only produce a collar-stud that could not possibly lose itself, its future as a national institution would be impregnable.

An extraordinary surgical operation has been performed at Constantine, Algeria. A workman was stabbed in the heart and was taken to the hospital apparently dying. The hospital surgeon, Dr. Martin, gave him chloroform, and having broken three ribs cut into the heart's envelope and removed three and a half ounces of clotted blood. Then taking the heart in his left hand the doctor pulled it out until he saw the wound. A pressure of his hand on the heart made it beat more strongly, but irregularly. Dr. Martin made three stitches, put the heart back again and it beat feebly but regularly. The man is still alive and there is hope of his recovery.

Sandringham Church, in Sandringham Park, which the King and Queen attend when in residence.

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Which, being woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich, Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common power-loom goods.
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IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN Fish Napkins, 94c. per doz. Dinner Napkins, $1.54 doz. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 94c.; 2½ yards by 3 yards, $1.90 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 22c. each. Strong Huckaback Towels, $1.32 per doz. Monograms, Initials, etc., woven or embroidered. (Special attention to Club, Hotel or Mess Orders.)
MATCHLESS SHIRTS With 4-fold fronts and cuffs, and bodies of fine longcloth, $5.52 per half doz. (To measure 42c. extra.) New designs in our special Indiana Gauze Oxford and Unshrinkable Flannels for the season. Old Shirts made good as new, with good materials in Neckbands, Cuffs and Fronts, for $3.36 the half-doz.
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IRISH COLLARS AND CUFFS Collars—Gentlemen's, 4-fold, all newest shapes from $1.13 per doz. Cuffs—For Gentlemen, from $1.66 doz. "Surplice Makers to Westminster Abbey" and the Cathedrals and Churches of the United Kingdom. "Their Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, etc., have the merits of excellence ans cheapness."—Court Circular.
IRISH UNDERCLOTHING A luxury now within the reach of all ladies. Chemises, trimmed Embroidery, 56c.; Nightdresses, 94c.; Combinations, $1.08; India or Colonial Outfits, $52.68; Bridal Trousseaux, $32.04; Infants' Layettes, $15.00. (Send for list.)
N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be addressed
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to match Collar Bags
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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

MRS. WILLIAM E. CHALCRAFT has sent out invitations to the marriage of her daughter, Mabel Ethel, and Mr. Gordon Fraser Morrison, the ceremony taking place in the Church of the Redeemer next Wednesday at half-past two. Mrs. Chalcraft will hold a reception afterwards at 40 Bedford road. The bride-elect and her sister made their debut a couple of seasons ago, and the dance given in their honor at the Metropolitan was a bright event of the ante-Noel season.

The marriage of Miss Gertrude Rebecca Ross, daughter of Mr. George Ross, Postmaster of Toronto, and Mr. Frederick Taylor, of London, was solemnized on Wednesday evening at eight o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, Adelaide street east, Rev. Dr. Lyle, of Hamilton, officiating. A large party of friends and relatives were assembled, a number of former fellow-citizens of the bride coming on from Hamilton, Mr. Adam Brown, a very old friend, among them. The ceremony took place in the drawing room, a room of fine lofty and broad extent, anad the bridal party stood before a small dais on which Dr. Lyle took his place, and on which the bride and groom afterwards received the good wishes of their friends. Many flowers decorated the room, and an orchestra played during the reception, Dr. Goodfield playing softly on the grand piano during the service. A sister and brother of the bride were maid of honor and best man. Miss Ross wore a beautiful gown of *crepe de soie* over white satin charmeuse, the robe *en princesse* being embroidered down the seams and inset with rich lace medallions and pearl ornaments near the border; the bodice had much of the same lace and cap sleeves of the lace over shirred net undersleeves. A large wreath of orange blossoms and heather rested on the soft brown hair and held the veil of tulle, hemmed with pearls and worn off the face, and a shower of lilies completed the costume. The bridesmaid wore a dainty white gown with lace insertion and a wreath of gold leaves on her coiffure. Mrs. Ross received at the entrance to the drawing room in a quiet black satin gown with pointed guimpe of white lace. After the ceremony the bride cut the cake, and a tempting *dejeuner* was served by McConkey in the dining room. Dr. Lyle proposed the health of the bride and groom, Mr. Taylor responding in a neat speech. The Mayor of Toronto then proposed the health of Mr. and Mrs. Ross, reminding the company that Wednesday was the thirty-fifth anniversary of their wedding, and Mr. Rogers, of the postal staff, read a letter of congratulation from the office staff, and presented Mrs. Ross with a boquet of pink roses sashed with pink ribbons. Mr. Adam Brown eulogized Mr. and Mrs. Ross in a neat speech. There were cheers and singing and a royal good time. The wedding gifts were sumptuous and in great variety and numbers, a fish service from Tiffany's, and numbers of silver crystal and china articles being much admired. A handsome secretary in rare wood was one gift. Several telegrams came laden with congratulations. Pelted with confetti and flowers and good-byes, the bride and groom presently fled to their carriage, and left for London, where they will reside. On a table in the room with the gifts was a double photo frame, the mat of rare lace, and therein the photos of the bride and groom, their gift to the parents on their lace anniversary. Several handsome lace handkerchiefs were given to Mrs. Ross.

Mrs. Samuel Beard, 502 Huron street, gave a cosy tea on Wednesday. Her youngest daughter received with her, the three others assisting. Mrs. Burland poured tea and Mrs. Beverly Smith coffee. Some fine looking girls were waiting in the tea-room.

Mrs. Jack Massey's tea at McConkey's for her debutante, Miss Dorothy, on Wednesday, was a very bright and enjoyable event. The debutante, in the airiest of embroidered net gowns, her arms full of beautiful flowers, received with her mother in the Turkish room. Her elder sisters, Muriel and Grace, Miss Violet Lee, Miss Gladys McMurrich, and several other fair maids, assisted in the Rose and Nile rooms. The table was centered with pink 'mums.

Mrs. Francis, 66 Lowther avenue, gave a tea on Wednesday for her only child, Miss Gladys Francis, which was the acme of smartness. Miss Gladys was simply smothered in flowers, which were arranged on the chairs and mantel and filled her arm also. Miss Somerville, of Atherly, Miss Jessie Webber, Miss Clare Denison, Miss Winifred Cross and other attractive girls assisted in the tea-rooms. It was a lovely tea.

Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt gave twin-bridges on Tuesday and Wednesday. Mrs. Cawthra gave a small dance this week at Yeadon Hall. Miss Allie Thompson is quite ill, in the hospital. Mrs. Stephen Heward is giving a tea for Miss Violet Heward next Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Stan Gzowski are at Clovelly.

Colonel and Mrs. Sweney gave a delightful dinner at Rohallion on Wednesday night, at which the Lieutenant-Governor was guest of honor.

Mrs. W. H. B. Aikins is giving a series of luncheons, some ten in number, and those who are in turn invited are enjoying them greatly. Mrs. Aikins spares no pains to enhance their pleasure.

Mrs. W. C. Crowther is giving a dance for Miss Lulu's debut at McConkey's on December 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Flavelle will be at home at Holwood, Queen's Park, next Thursday evening at 8.30.

Mr. Wm. C. Muir, formerly of Toronto, now of New York, was called home to Port Dalhousie last week by the death of his father, one of the oldest residents and finest characters in that district. Mr. Gordon Muir, of Toronto, is a younger son of the late William Muir, and several daughters also survive him.

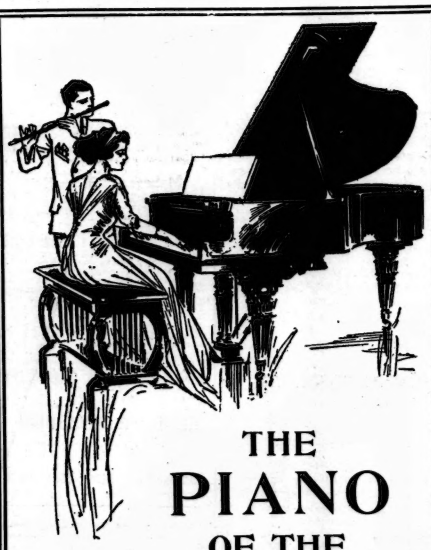
Miss Mona Murray is giving a tea next Wednesday for her debutante sister at her home, 445 Euclid avenue.

Mrs. Warren, 2 Elm avenue, gave one of last week's most enjoyable teas, and a large number of her friends responded to her invitation to spend an hour chatting, taking tea and listening to the music of an orchestra. Mrs. Warren was assisted by Miss Gertrude Warren and the Misses Patti and Norah Warren, and Miss Josephine Fletcher. The decoration scheme of white and gold was carried out in the flower of the month, chrysanthemums, and in the centre of the tea-table a mound of pink roses was bordered by baby-'mums, the candles shaded in pale pink. The fair waitresses wore boquets of pink roses also. Mrs. Warren in dull rose satin, Miss Gertrude in pale pink silk, and the little daughter of the house in white, were an attractive trio. I hear that Miss Gertrude Warren is going to New York early in the year to take a course in nursing in one of the large hospitals.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Blackburn, of New York, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Coulter of Grosvenor street.

Mrs. Robert S. McIndoe is giving a tea to present her pretty debutante, Miss Marion McIndoe (one of the belles at Mrs. Reid's dance last week), on Tuesday afternoon, November 23, from 4.30 to 6.30, at her home, 36 Sussex avenue.

Mrs. T. M. Harris, who delights in entertaining her girl friends, gives a girls' luncheon to-day for Miss Marjory Wallace, one of this year's debutantes.



THE PIANO OF THE HOUR

"The New Scale Williams"

This great instrument is the most talked of piano in Canada to-day, and "where there is so much smoke, there must be some fire."

We make the bold statement that the "New Scale Williams" is in a class by itself, and defy any Canadian manufacturer to produce its equal.

The scale is perfect, giving that beautiful quality of tone so much sought after by singers especially, who appreciate a piano whose tone is in sympathy with the voice.

You may hesitate and consider when you are trying to make a selection among instruments of the ordinary kind; but you will have no doubt about which piano offers the best value when you investigate the merit and reputation of the *New Scale Williams*—if you want a piano of the artistic class.

Sold on Easy Payments if Desired

THE R. S. **WILLIAMS** & SONS Co., Limited
143 YONGE ST.
OPEN SATURDAY EVENINGS

Pay a Fair Price And Get the Best

The grocer who gives the greatest number of pounds of granulated sugar for a dollar, naturally won't give "the best Montreal granulated."

The only way you can be sure of getting the best, is to insist on having

St. Lawrence Sugar

Put up by the Refinery in 20 pound Cotton Bags

The analysis of Prof. Hersey, Government Analyst, shows that "St. Lawrence Granulated" contains **99—99/100 to 100 per cent. of pure cane sugar** with no impurities whatever.

The St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Company Limited, Montreal.

19

CHRYSANTHEMUMS (The Queen of Autumn Flowers)
ARE HERE IN ALL THEIR GLORY

Dunlop's

96 YONGE ST. Toronto, Can.

are showing the choicest blooms, also American Beauties, Violets, Orchids, Lily of the Valley, and all seasonable flowers. Owning and operating our own greenhouses we can furnish the freshest flowers. Design work a specialty. Send for Price List.

THE "SAVOY"
(YONGE AND ADELAIDE STREETS)

Our Candy Department is showing some most delicious confections.

Chocolates and Bon Bons at 25c., 50c., 75c. and $1.00 per pound box.

Also a large assortment of Candies at 30c. per lb., such as Cream Almonds, Cream Wafers, Creams and Jersey Caramels, Assorted Taffies, etc.

FRESH FROM OUR FACTORY EVERY DAY

Afternoon Reception AND Evening Gowns For Women

This season, more than ever before, are we devoting special attention to the production of beautiful and distinctive Gowns and Dresses, for semi-formal and formal wear.

Our prices throughout are modest.

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101 Yonge Street

Best Quality
Coal and Wood
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415 Spadina Avenue
752 Queen Street E.
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245 Broadview Ave.
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792 Yonge Street
306 Queen Street E.
Cor. Agnes St. and Centre Ave.
Esplanade E., near Berkeley Street
Esplanade E., foot of Church Street
Bathurst Street, opposite Front Street
Pape Avenue, at G.T.R. Crossing
1181 Yonge Street, at C.P.R. Crossing
256-258 Lansdowne Avenue.
1268 Queen Street W.
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119 Parliament Street
2168 Queen Street E.
235 Roncesvalles Ave.
1088 Bathurst St.
1096 Bloor Street W.
563 Bloor Street W.

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It's Unnecessary. Take

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

GOLD EVERYWHERE. 29

Investigate the merits of the Wonderful New Style

Bell Player Piano

The Autonola

The Bell Autonola is an instrument that should be in the home of every lover of piano music who cannot play for himself. With this piano, through the aid of music-roll and treadles anyone can play, and play with feeling and expression. All classes of music can be rendered—popular, classical, dance, vocal, etc.

This piano can also be played by hand in the regular way. It is TWO PIANOS IN ONE.

We can take your present piano in part payment. We mail illustrated catalogue to any address on request.

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COFFEE ESSENCE
TAKEN TO
BREAKFAST
BRACES UP THE SYSTEM FOR THE DAY.

Bewitching, Dainty, Lasting

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Taylor's

Jap Lily Perfume

The perfume made from the distilled essence of these lilies gives a charming odor, one that delights the most whimsical.

$1.00 an Ounce at Leading Dealers

John Taylor & Co. Limited
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MRS. PANKHURST
MILITANT SUFFRAGETTE

Grenadier Band

Choral Union Chorus
120 VOICES

MASSEY HALL
Saturday Evening, Nov. 20, 1909, 8 p. m.

Reserved Seat Plan opens Friday, Nov. 19th, 9 a. m. at Massey Hall.

Society at the Capital

SELDOM, if ever, has the Capital been favored with such mild and spring-like weather for an Opening of Parliament as that of last Thursday afternoon, when His Excellency th Governor General performed this formal function attended with all the usual pomp and ceremony and graced by the presence of a very large number of gorgeously gowned ladies who occupied seats on the floor of the Senate Chamber. Many of the wives and daughters of the various Senators and Members of Parliament have already arrived in Ottawa to spend the session and they composed the larger portion of the brilliant throng on Thursday.

Her Excellency Lady Grey, with a party from Government House, including two very attractive American visitors, entered at three o'clock, looking extremely well and stately in a gown of rich white Duchesse satin with overdress of white chiffon embroidered in Indian effect in gold thread; she wore her magnificent diamond tiara and necklace and a rope of pearls, and carried a shower boquet of pink roses. Lady Evelyn Grey wore a princess gown of white satin, embroidered in silver with touches of pink on the corsage. She also carried pink roses and her ornaments were of pearls and diamonds. Mrs. Jennings, of Washington, D.C., Her Excellency's guest, was very smartly gowned in pale blue satin elaborately embroidered in seed pearls. Miss McCook, of New York, another member of the vice-regal household at present, wore a pretty costume of pale pink, trimmed with gold lace and embroidery. Lady Hanbury Williams's gown, particularly effective and becoming, was of grey net built over satin and trimmed with iridescent and steel passementerie; her jewels were diamonds and she wore the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. Her pretty daughter, Miss Gladys, was a dainty picture in palest pink satin, the bodice being outlined in small pink roses. Lady Laurier wore her favorite color, heliotrope, the overdress of tissue being fashioned over satin of the same hue, with embroideries of silver; she wore a tiara and necklace of diamonds and carried a large sheaf of American Beauty roses. Perhaps the most striking dress on the floor was that worn by Mrs. George Washington Stephens, of Montreal, who is the daughter of an Italian Count, and was a much admired figure in deep blue satin with an Egyptian-like overdress of rich gold-embroidered net and wore a deep gold bandeau in her beautiful dark hair. A very picturesque figure was Mrs. John King, wife of Judge King, of Toronto, who came to the Capital especially to be present at the introduction of her son, Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, the new Minister of Labor. She was most artistically attired in grey silk with lovely old lace trimmings and her beautiful white hair was arranged in old-time ringlets. Lady Borden was handsome in black *ninon de soie*, made over blue satin and a lovely tunic of black jetted lace with blue embroideries. Miss Borden wore a Parisian creation of embroidered cream net, the draped tunic being caught with cluster pink roses. Mrs. Crawford Brown, who with her husband, Rev. Crawford Brown, of Toronto, is staying for a week with Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, was a very striking figure in a magnificent French costume of pale blue chiffon heavily embroidered in crystal and pearls, the bodice being entirely composed of brilliants and pearls, and the skirt and sleeves bordered with rich sable fur. Mrs. Fulford, of Brockville, also a member of Lady Laurier's house party, wore a Parisian gown of pale grey satin with trimmings of Venetian lace and jet, her ornaments being diamonds. Another lovely gown from Paris was that worn by Mrs. Daniel Derbyshire, wife of the genial Senator, from Brockville; it was of taupe satin richly embroidered in silk of the same shade with iridescent and jet sequins on the corsage.

Among the many visitors from Toronto were noticed, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, the handsome wife of the Speaker of the Senate, in an exquisite primrose satin costume with overdress of net embroidered in shades of dull gold; Miss Kerr, in pale blue satin; Mrs. Millar Lash, in black satin with jet and steel trimmings; Mrs. Justice Anglin, in white satin over a jupon of gold embroidered in pearls and crystal; Miss Margaret Wrong, in white crepe de chine, embroidered in pale pink; Miss Helen Blake, an attractive debutante, wearing pale blue satin with silver trimmings and carrying a boquet of violets; Miss Nanno Hughes, in white satin with overdress of embroidered chiffon; Miss Marjorie Fellowes, in pale blue satin with silver fringe and tassels; Mrs. G. W. Ross, wearing a beautiful lace robe mounted on pink silk; Mrs. Eugene Coste, with her debutante daughter, Miss Gabrielle, the latter in pale yellow satin.

Other visitors from out-of-town points, who enjoyed this function, were: Mrs. Edward Scott, of New York; Miss Eileen Malloy, of Stamford, Conn.; Mrs. G. Paley, London, England; Mrs. D. A. Coste and Miss Ida Coste, of Niagara Falls, Ont., the latter a pretty debutante in ivory silk with gold trimmings; Mrs. Norreys Worthington, of Sherbrooke, radiant in black velvet and diamonds; Mrs. and Miss Farwell, of Sherbrooke; Mrs. M. Y. MacLean, of Seaforth; Miss Buller-Colthurst, of London, England; Miss Davis and Miss Muriel Hart, of Montreal; Miss Tessington, of Munro, La.; Miss Mildred Morse, of New York; Miss Gilzean Reid, of London, England; Madame Roy, of Edmonton, in ivory satin and rich old lace; Mrs. Hugh Guthrie, of Guelph, in white satin with bugle and pearl fringe; Mrs. F. T. Frost, of Smith's Falls; Mrs. Fair, of Collingwood; Mrs. Kirchhoffer, recently arrived from Brandon, looking queenly in black velvet and old lace; Mrs. Reginald Macdonald, of Charlottetown, P.E.I., and Miss Constance Cook, of Kingston, besides many others.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, Nov. 15, 1909.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Webster, 115 Delaware avenue, is giving a tea for Miss Grace Webster's debut next Wednesday.

A delightful dance was given at Niagara Falls on the 9th by Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Merwin, of Pasadena, Cal., son-in-law and daughter of Mayor and Mrs. R. P. Slater, of Niagara Falls. The occasion was made doubly pleasant by the fact that it was the 5th anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Merwin's wedding; they having come east especially to celebrate that day with Mrs. Merwin's girlhood friends. The dance was held in the Lafayette Hotel, which was beautifully decorated with old-rose colored chrysanthemums and groups of palms, ferns and other tropical plants. Mrs. Merwin was assisted in receiving by her mother, Mrs. R. P. Slater, Miss Houston and Miss Edmand. Mrs. Merwin's costume of old-rose satin and embroidered silver tissue was most becoming. Mrs. Slater wore a handsome gown of black silk and point lace. Miss Houston looked extremely well in an embroidered gown of black lace and pink cameos. Miss Houston wore a smart costume of black satin with sequin embroidery and pearls. Card tables were arranged for those who did not care to dance, but an exceptionally fine orchestra kept most of the guests in the ball room.

Mrs. L. J. Cosgrave will receive on Monday, Nov. 22, being her wedding anniversary, and not again this season.

OUR NEW SALESROOMS, - - 41 QUEEN ST. W.
(OPPOSITE CITY HALL.)

THE GERHARD HEINTZMAN
IS THE HIGHEST TYPE OF
PIANO PERFECTION

Three most important points must be considered in purchasing a Piano: TONE, DURABILITY, BEAUTY OF FINISH.
The superiority of
GERHARD HEINTZMAN
in these three points is universally recognized; it is pronounced by our leading musicians
CANADA'S BEST PIANO
A visit to our beautiful new salesrooms will serve a two-fold purpose. You will see the famous
GERHARD HEINTZMAN PIANOS
in new and exclusive Art designs, displayed in
THE FINEST SALES PARLORS IN CANADA

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CITY HALL SQUARE, - - TORONTO.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED

Plenty of Mahogany in the New Stock

IF YOU admire Mahogany Furniture, you'll be glad to know what a fine showing we make here now. It's a new stock, of course, throughout, and unless you have been here very lately you have no idea of it whatever.

Mahogany Dining Sets

A Set includes:—
Sideboard,
Dinner Wagon,
China Cabinet,
Table,
Five Side Chairs,
One Arm Chair.

We show a number of very noteworthy designs of character suitable for very fine rooms.

One at $456, a medium dull finished mahogany, heavy, well proportioned seats of solid hand buffed leather, heavy claw feet—a Grand Rapids design.

Another at $567 is still more massively colonial, table having a central pillar with four smaller columns.

A Sheraton design at $370 is of a lighter grace. The table and sideboard have six tapering legs, with brass castor caps. The chair seats and backs are studded with brass nails, and the drawers are fitted with heavy old dull brass handles. Feet of the chairs tipped with leather.

Bedroom Suites of Mahogany

Full Bedroom Sets consist of:
Bedstead,
Dresser or Bureau,
Chiffonier,
Dressing Table,
Somnoe,
Cheval Mirror,

We have a fine old colonial design at $465: very heavy, sumptuous, with capacious drawers and big mirrors, the bed of Napoleon roll back and foot style.

We offer a five-piece solid mahogany Bedroom Set at $289.

Mahogany Library Sets

$100 in denim leather if you prefer. See the set at $208, dark green, hand buffed leather, frame dull satin finish.

Drawing Rooms of Mahogany

Three-piece Suites—An Arm Chair, a Lady's Chair and a Settee.

The better Suites are shown upholstered in plain green denim, the covering being put on to order.

A Louis XVI. Design at $120 is made of dull Cuban mahogany, with just one little touch of upholstery—a few inches on the arms—the backs and seats being of woven cane.

The outlines are simple but beautiful, with Grecian proportions. Refined hand carving enriches the frames without detracting from the exquisite simplicity of general effect.

Another of the same period at $177, oval backs, fluted legs.

A Louis XV. Suite, at $210 is said to be an exact reproduction of the French design.

A Louis XIII.—Strong, capacious, heavy, but not clumsy, at $160.

Popular Prices Also

Birch Mahogany Sets, from $23.
Covered with silk brocade.
And prices all the way up, through nearly half a hundred different designs.

Birch Mahogany at $82.50

4-ply veneer tops, 3-ply fronts and ends. We consider this Set the best value offering in Canada to-day. The firm which makes it turned out five times the number of orders this season over the corresponding line of a year ago.

Parlor Cabinets

Solid Mahogany, $26.00.
Birch Mahogany, $5.50.
All designs imaginable.

Odd Mahogany Chairs and Tables

Chairs, $7.50 up to $35.00.

Odd Tables, 100 designs, solid birch, mahogany finish, solid mahogany, mahogany veneer, $3.50 up to $36.00.

Mahogany Desks and Bookcases

Ladies' Birch Mahogany Desks, $10.75.
Solid Mahogany, $47.50.
All prices between.

Macey Book Cases, $4.50 per section, clear glass.
Regular bases and tops, $3.00.
Chippendale Bases, $6.00.
Chippendale Tops, $3.50.
Colonial style, $11.00 per section; half sections, $9.00.

You've no idea of our furniture stock since we opened the new department.

Come and take a mere stroll through from one elevator to another, and just to realize the development.

A Ramble Through the Rugs

YOU will be interested in the VARIETY noticeable in our Rug Section of the Carpet Department. Weaves of six different kinds, with half a dozen or more sizes in each, with SEVERAL classes of designs in three combinations of colorings to a design—there's room for a world of variety.

The Axminsters

Are divided into two classes, English and American. The English rugs come from Kidderminster, and of course need no comment as to quality. Sizes run 6 ft. x 9 at $18, up to 10 ft. 6 in. x 13 ft. 6 at $45.00, seven different sizes in the range, price in proportion.

The American designs are somewhat different in feeling—just how it is hard to explain. Many Toronto people prefer them.

6x9 at $25, up to 16.6x13.6 at $65.

The English are strong in Turkish designs, woven in Axminster, and really it is a question when you come to look at the question squarely which of the two weaves is preferable, ancient or modern, even supposing their prices were the same.

The Americans are strong on neat effects, small conventionalized patterns in decided looking line .

Wiltons Will Always Be Favorites

Eight sizes in English Wiltons, from the smallest, 9x9, at $22.50, to the largest, 11.3x13.6, at $45.

Four sizes in Americans, 6x9, at $30.00, to 10.6x13, at $65.00.

Canadian Wiltons deserve hearty mention. We have a larger range of sizes in Canadians than any other rugs—9 altogether.

6x9 at $15 begins the scale, 11.3x13.6 at $45 concludes it. Our Canadian Wiltons were dyed by the Alizarine process, which gets over the old complaint about the colors fading. By this method the dyes are forced into the rug under steam pressure, and they stay there.

Brussels for Bedrooms

Our Brussels Rugs run from 6.9x9 at $9 up to 11.3x13.6 at $25. Seven sizes altogether.

Velvet Rugs from Scotland

For dining-rooms a velvet rug seems particularly suitable, 9x10.6 at $17.50, to 10.6x12 at $22.50, three sizes.

Tapestries—Scotch, Too

Eight sizes, 3x3 at $7.00, to 10.6x13.6 at $16.50.

A splendid rug for secondary bedrooms, and so forth, costing little and looking like Brussels. The designs are printed in the yarn, not woven in different colors, hence the economy of cost.

5 Sizes of Improved Ingrains

7.6x9 at $7.50.
10.6x12 at $15.50.

These rugs are woven, three of wool yarns, and bound with an extra warp thread of cotton, in the Scotch style. They'll wear like old sixty. The two-tone patterns are reversible. Copenhagen blues and rose are included in the colorings, and some very modern designs are also shown.

If you want a nice, artistic rug at a moderate price, you needn't let anybody persuade you that the new wool ingrains don't fill the bill. They'll wear like Brussels, and they'll keep their color, too. Just see them.

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TORONTO

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TRADE MARK
CREAM CHEESE
"Spreads Like Butter"
Sold only in 15c and 25c blocks
For sale by all Grocers.
Manufactured by
THE INGERSOLL PACKING CO., LTD.
Ingersoll, Ontario, Canada

COMPLEXIONAL FAULTS CORRECTED
That's what we've been doing for almost eighteen years—doing it well, too. If your skin, scalp, hair, etc., are not what you would like them, come in and see us.
Our Face Treatments
correct such troubles as spots, blotches and blackheads, remove all discolorations, eradicate wrinkles, and make the complexion fine, clear and peach-like.
OUR SCALP TREATMENTS
clear away all dandruff, psoriasis, etc., we care not how distressing it has become.
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.
Moles, Warts, etc., permanently destroyed by our reliable method of antiseptic Electrolysis.
Descriptive Brochure on request.
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61 College Street, TORONTO
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(NOT A BONE IN IT.)
Is the very highest grade of Atlantic Codfish in its most economical form. Prepared easily, enjoyed thoroughly, digested readily. Your grocer sells it in 1 lb Cartons.

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Great saving can be effected by sending your clothes to these works for cleaning or dyeing. Phone and our waggon will call.
R. PARKER & CO.,
Dyers and Cleaners, Toronto.
201 and 791 Yonge St., 59 King St. W., 471 and 1324 Queen St. W., 277 Queen St. E.

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FOR WEDDINGS RECEPTIONS, Etc.
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Coat Sweaters
FOR MEN AND BOYS
We wish to call the attention of our customers to our very complete line of high grade imported Knit Sweater Coats, in Cardigan knit and Shaker stitch, which are now being shown in a large variety of colors and weights. These goods are knit from pure worsted yarn, of a grade that is best adapted to garments of this character, and are much superior to the ordinary kinds on the market. These sell for $2.50 to $3.00 for Boys, and Men's at $4.00 and $5.00 each. Made in two styles —with V-shaped neck and with high Comfort collar.
Full ranges Underwear in medium and heavy weights from $1.00 to $4.00 garment.
New ranges Flannel Shirts, just opened up. Extra values, $1.50 and $2.00.
WREYFORD & CO.
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Mail Orders receive prompt attention.

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THE GREATEST AMERICAN PIANIST
MASSEY MUSIC HALL,
Monday Evening, November 29th
Seats $1.50, $1.00, 75 cts., 50 cts.
PLAN OPEN NOVEMBER 25th.

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IT'S A VOTE
It's the house people who really know about the quality of the Coal, for that's where the test is made. Try CROWN Coal this year. It's the best that's mined.
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Phones: Main 6053 and 6054.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

AMONG the Toronto ladies who attended the Drawing Room at Ottawa on Saturday were Mrs. Crawford Brown, who wore a white and silver gown, and carried an Empire shower of lily of the valley, and looked queenly in her veil of feathers; Mrs. Gilbert Stairs, who wore her wedding dress of white satin, and looked very pretty; Mrs. W. Maclean, who wore white satin veiled in lace and jet, with chenille; Miss Mollie Maclean, who was pretty in pale blue satin, with gold embroideries; Miss Edith Cross, who looked very handsome in pale pink; Miss Campbell Noble, who wore *Eau de Nile* satin, and looked stunning; Mrs. Arnold Ivy, peach satin with gold beaded over tunic; Mrs. John King, the admired of all, in a mauve gown, embroidered, and her beautiful silvery hair in short curls about her face; Miss Marjorie Fellowes, in blue satin and pearls; Miss Evelyn Connery, in white satin, and silver and pearl trimmings; Mrs. Miller Lash, beautiful pink satin, with gold trimmings, one of the handsomest women at the Drawing room; Mrs. Andrew Thompson (*nee* Burns, of Toronto), pale blue satin, with bugle trimming; Miss Nanno Hughes, white lace over white satin; Miss Margaret Wrong, white chiffon over satin; Miss Helen Blake, white over silver; Mrs. Frank Anglin, a very smart ivory satin gown, with overgown of gold and pearls; Miss Marjorie Schreiber, white satin with silver trimmings; Mrs. G. W. Ross, pink brocade and Irish lace; Mrs. Archie Campbell, white satin with green; a group of girls and matrons of whom the Queen City may well be proud.

MRS. LEWIS HARCOURT,
whose husband is a member of the British Cabinet.

Mrs. Timothy Anglin was in Ottawa last week, but did not attend the Drawing room. She was waiting in the city for news of the improved health of her grandchild, Judge Anglin's eldest daughter, who was quite ill in Montreal, but is fortunately much better. Miss Anglin, whose new play, "Helena Ritchie," has been such a great success, is working her way to the heart of New York in a new character. Her fore-interest in this new *role* has proved well justified. Judge and Mrs. Anglin were able to attend the Drawing room.

I hear that Mr. Arthur Guise is returning to Ottawa soon in his former position as Comptroller of the Vice-regal household.

Among former Torontonians who are looking as if Ottawa air agreed with them are Mrs. Alec Cartwright, Mrs. Capp, and her mother, Mrs. Tomlinson. Captain and Mrs. Prideaux were at the Drawing Room, also Colonel Lessard, Admiral Kingsmill, Mr. Douglas Cameron, and several others. After the Opening on Thursday, Mrs. Kerr gave a tea in the Speaker of the Senate's quarters, and Mrs. Kingsmill (Connie Beardmore) received with her, looking very well and bonnie.

In the notice last week of Miss Evelyn Mackenzie's tea this afternoon, I inadvertently gave her address as Roxboro' street instead of 46 Admiral road, where she will entertain her friends to-day.

Mrs. McCausland and her grandson, Otto Frind, have arrived at Auckland, New Zealand, where they are to make their home with relatives. A cable on Tuesday apprised their Toronto friends of their having safely reached their destination.

Lady Meredith, assisted by her daughter, Mrs. Peters, and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Jack Meredith, received in her beautiful new home in Binscarth road on Monday afternoon, and her visitors were greeted with the bright cordiality which always is so grateful, and in a hostess, the last touch of charm. Mrs. Jack Meredith has her own picturesque *menage* next door to her "in-law's," and two more attractive homes and hostesses do not exist in our city. The cosy friendliness which marked the circle on Monday, added to by the advent of the Chief Justice for a cup of tea, seems to be a hall-mark of the old *regime*, as rare as it is precious these days.

Mrs. Albert Webb, 19 Madison avenue, gave a pleasant tea on Friday (12th) in honor of her mother, Mrs. Macdonald, who has been paying her a visit, but left town at mid-week. Mr. Webb is out of town, and intends taking a trip around the world, I am informed.

A quaint and smiling little Jap lady in national costume, and her husband, the Japanese Consul, and the fine Chinese Consul, a gentlemanly and cultured man, with his secretary, were among the noticeable figures on the floor of the House at the Opening.

Mrs. Fred and Miss Harcourt have gone to the south of France for the winter for the benefit of Miss Harcourt's health, and it is hoped that that popular girl will return quite restored to her home here.

Mrs. Wm. Laidlaw will entertain at tea this afternoon. Miss Curlette, Westbourne School, gave a tea yesterday. Mrs. James Saurin McMurray held her postnuptial reception last Saturday, and will receive on Thursdays in her apartment, 52 Parkview Mansions, Roncesvalles avenue, Parkdale.

Once more Ermeleigh will open its doors to visitors, and Mrs. J. Herbert Mason will receive next Monday Her long and tedious invalidism has grieved the many friends of this gentle and charming lady, and all are glad to know she is equal once again to welcoming her friends to Ermeleigh.

General and Mrs. Cotton are enjoying a visit from their daughter, Mrs. Rosamond, who has many friends here.

Mrs. Crowther is giving a dance at McConkey's on December 1 for her second daughter, Lulu, who came out this month.

Next Thursday evening the Provost and students of Trinity College will entertain. The patronesses of the dance are Mrs. Fleming, sister of the Provost; Mrs. Duckworth, Mrs. Llwyd, Miss Strachan, and Miss Playter. Mrs. Wilson is secretary of the dance.

Among the visitors in Ottawa for the Opening and Drawing Room were Colonel and Mrs. Worthington, of Sherbrooke, who had a fascinating little friend, Miss Farwell, with them. Mrs. Worthington was beautifully gowned at the Opening, and Miss Farwell's vivid red gown and hair *bandeau* were very *chic*. One of the most gazed-at women at both Opening and Drawing room, was the dignified and handsome wife of Mr. G. Washington Stevens, of Montreal. This lady was, I hear, an Italian prima donna, and has a splendid carriage, beautiful hair and dresses regally. Both her gowns were in green tones, on the Opening day she wore a plastron overdress of gold embroideries over green, and at the Drawing room, a rich dark green satin with beautiful lines, gold shoes, and veil and feathers. She is a remarkably distinguished and almost Oriental type.

The song recital given last week by Miss Margaret Keyes was a brilliant success, both artistically and numerically, her warmest admirers being satisfied that each visit finds her even more an artiste than ever. She sang exquisitely, and looked her best in white satin and pearls. Next season Miss Keyes hopes to go abroad to study. Since she opened her mouth in that fine solo from "Les Huguenots," at the Caruso concert two seasons ago, and filled Massey Hall with her golden notes, Toronto has accepted and enthused over Margaret Keyes, who loves to sing to such appreciative and generous critics. After her recital on Thursday (11th), Mr. Willie Brouse gave a supper in honor of Miss Keyes at his home in St. George street, when the lady sang again and again for her friends.

Mrs. J. H. MacGill (formerly Miss Helen Gregory, granddaughter of the late Judge O'Rielly, of Hamilton), and little daughters have returned to their home in Vancouver, B.C. Mrs. MacGill has been visiting Mrs. Glass, of Cottingham street, of whom she is a cousin.

A very pretty house dance was given by Mrs. Shoenberger for her daughters and their young friends on Monday evening at her home in College street. The hostess wore a black jetted gown, and Miss Tate wore pale mauve. The Misses Shoenberger were in white, Miss Ella wearing an overdress of pink and silver. The supper was served at quartette tables at twelve o'clock. Among the guests were many of this month's debutantes and the prettiest girls of the past two seasons, with a very good complement of dancing men not yet *blases* of the graceful art. It was, everyone says, a most delightful dance.

Mrs. D. D. Mann entertained at luncheon on Tuesday, and it speaks volumes for the esteem in which her friends hold her and her guest and sister, Mrs. Crossthwaite, of Winnipeg, that the frightful weather had no power to deter the ladies invited from arriving in great spirits for the pleasant event. A distinguished looking guest was Mrs. Plunkett, of Vancouver, who is visiting her sister, Mrs. Fane Sewell. Others at the luncheon were Mrs. Schoenberger, Mrs. Alexander and Miss Rowand, Mrs. James Scott, Mrs. Arthur Grantham, Mrs. L. Baynes Read, Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Mrs. John Cruso, Mrs. Hanna, Mrs. Angus Sinclair, Mrs. Fane Sewell, Mrs. Denison, and Mrs. Arthur Hills. The beautiful mahogany table was centered with yellow blooms. Mrs. Mann and Mrs. Crossthwaite received on Friday and Saturday of last week, and everyone seemed to be going to Fallingbrook.

Mr. and Mrs. McGillivray Knowles have held open studio for several days and evenings recently, and the new work which they have on exhibition is most interesting. Mrs. Knowles has some of her "post-stamp" pictures, fairy bits, charmingly done, and there are several paintings of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, and, as always, a perfect environment.

Mrs. Cecil Horrocks gave a tea to present her bright little daughter, Marjorie, on Tuesday afternoon, when, in spite of the storm of rain, a goodly number of friends filled the spacious rooms in the quaint old home at 29 Winchester street, mostly from the east side, but quite a few from farther points. Mrs. Horrocks wore a light striped silk costume, and the little debutante was in pink and carried a handsome sheaf of flowers. In the tea-room was a table gay with yellow flowers and yellow shaded candles, and in charge of some of the debutantes, Miss Florence Bowes, Miss Maida Maclachlan, Miss Mabel Haney, Miss Mary Walton, and Miss Violet Lee, with two or three not-outs assisting. Among the guests were Miss Sarah Lansing, of Buffalo, who is visiting Miss Watt, and Miss Bruce, who is visiting Miss Edna Cromarty. Many fine clusters of roses were arranged near the hostess and her pretty debutante.

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NOVEMBER'S WILES

November is the month of cold and dusty winds, and raw, biting air.
The hands become easily chapped, and the face rough and red.
But lovely woman knows that she need not worry about chaps, or rough skin, if she has on her dresser a bottle of Campana's Italian Balm.
It has never once failed, in twenty-seven years.
It is woman's dainty boudoir accessory.
If you have not yet made its acquaintance buy a bottle to-day.
Only 25c from any Druggists or direct from the sole Canadian Agents,
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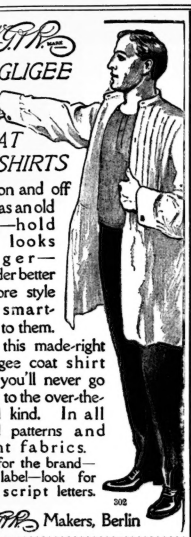

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Try this made-right negligee coat shirt and you'll never go back to the over-the-head kind. In all good patterns and right fabrics. Ask for the brand—red label—look for the script letters.

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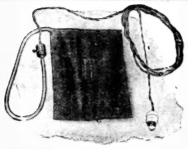

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The Real and the Imaginary

IN that very interesting department of The Atlantic Monthly, the Contributors' Club, there appears this article on "The Real and the Imaginary":

I have lately become a member of a class in English Composition at a near-by university. Each week, for our edification and criticism, a story or poem, or an essay, the work of one of our members, is read aloud by the professor. At our last meeting, it was a story that he chose. The plot was of the slightest; a few words will tell all. A discontented princess and a pseudo shepherd—the prince of the denouement—meet and discuss love, or rather the absence of it, as the princess declares that there is no such thing. The period is not specified, though probably somewhat modern, as we say about art, since the young lady refers to the king, her father, as "dad." As for the place, I think it must have been somewhere near the fields of Arcady, as the shepherd and the princess meet with charming informality, chaperoned only by the silly sheep. The end of the story is not hard to guess.

These few words have served for the plot, but they have not served to indicate the charm with which the little tale was told, the lightness of the writer's touch, or the pretty wit of the prince and princess. Altogether, it was quite delightful.

"But," commented the professor, "the writer says that the story has been rejected by many publishers. What do think is the trouble?"

Many of us thought that the trouble probably lay with the publishers. Not liking to say this, we ventured some vague criticism which, as one says in blindman's-buff, was not even "warm." At last, thanks to the guiding prods of the professor, we began to see wherein the story's weakness lay.

"Would any of you"—the class is co-educational—"fall in love with the prince? I'm speaking now for the girls; or do any of you men think you would ever fall in love with the princess? I'm sure I shouldn't."

These were heart-searching questions. A girl gave it as her opinion that she wouldn't; the men, apparently not caring to go on record, kept silent.

"And why not? Now speak up, somebody. Does he interest you? No! Then why not?"

"He doesn't seem exactly real"; again from the feminine portion of the class.

"That's just it, he *isn't* real—he isn't vital. How are you going to fall in love with anybody who is neither real nor vital?"

Real or vital! Into my mind flashed a little newspaper incident, which I had read but the day before.

"Many young friends of Miss Mary Stone, the plaintiff, came into court this morning to hear John Barr, the defendant, answer to the charge of having struck Miss Stone the night before, when calling on her. The defendant frankly admitted the charge, when on the witness-stand, but said, in his own defence, that he did it because every time he called on the plaintiff, she tried to stick hat-pins into him, and it was this that made him strike her the night before.

"'Why then,' demanded the court, 'don't you stay away?'

"'I can't stay away. I—I—I'm in love with her!'

"'He never told me that,' said Miss Stone, very audibly.

"The judge charged the defendant twenty-five dollars and dismissed the case."

Here was a hero real and vital. My mind came back to the class-room and to the imaginary prince of the story. No, I should never fall in love with him, for all his graceful speeches, of this I am quite sure. Nor should I fall in love with the tepid dukes and exalted personages who have figured so much in recent fiction. But to the incensed lover who strikes but will not confess his love until driven to bay in open court, my heart goes out mightily. Why this is so, I hope some psychologist will answer, for I cannot, though I remember reading a story once of a haughty princess who spurned the addresses of a certain Norman knight, nor would she consent to marry him until her irritated lover had knocked her down, and rolled her in the dust; and the name of the lover, so history tell us, was William the Conqueror.

Identifying Herself.

"I'M very sorry to trouble you, madam," said the bank teller politely, "but you'll have to be identified." He pushed the check across the marble slab toward her as he spoke.

"Identified?" repeated the lady; "what does that mean? Isn't the check good?"

The bank man did not smile, for this was the thirty-seventh lady who had asked this question that day.

"I have no doubt it is," he said, "but I don't know you. Do you know anybody in the bank?"

"Why, I'm Mrs. Weatherley!" exclaimed the lady. "Didn't you see my name on the check? See—here it is." The teller shook his head wearily.

"You must be identified," he insisted. "You must bring somebody who knows you." The lady drew herself up.

"That check," she said with dignity, "was given me by my husband. There's his name on it. Do you know him?"

"I do," said the teller, "but I don't know you."

"Then," said the lady, "I'll show you who I am. My husband is a tall man with reddish hair. His face is smooth shaven. He has a mole on one cheek and looks something like a gorilla, some people say, but I don't think so. When he talks he twists his mouth to one side, and one of his front teeth is missing. He wears a No. 15 collar, a No. 6 shoe, and won't keep his coat buttoned. He's the hardest man to get money out of you ever saw—it took me three days to get this check."

The banker waved his hand.

"I guess it's all right," he said; "put your name right there—no, on the back, not the face."—Galveston News.

NEW KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK.

The Earl of Arran has been appointed by the King to be a Knight of the Order of St. Patrick, in the place of the Earl of Carysfort, K.P., deceased. The Earl of Arran, the sixth bearer of the title, succeeded his father in 1910. He is also Viscount Sudley of Castle Gore, Baron Saunders of Deep, and Baron Sudley, in the peerage of the United Kingdom. The family is descended from Gerald Gore, an alderman of the City of London at the close of the sixteenth century, from one of whose sons is derived the family of Gore Langton, represented by Earl Temple. The new Knight of St. Patrick was formerly adjutans and brevet major Royal Horse Guards. He served in the Egyptian Cavalry, and commanded the Royal Horse Guards squadron of the Household Cavalry in the South African campaign. The Earl of Arran is the Chairman of Bovril Ltd.—"News of the World," Oct. 24, 1909.

ART PIANO EXHIBIT.

A special collection of the highest art pianos in America will be on exhibition for a few days at the Nordheimer Piano Warerooms, 15 King street east.

Beginning Monday, Nov. 22 and ending Saturday, Nov. 27, this collection will comprise beautifully painted and artistically finished instruments in various sizes, and should interest every lover of art as well as every musician.

AN IMPORTANT SALE.

On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 23rd, 14th and 25th of November, there will be held at 97 Yonge Street (the premises until recently occupied by the Gerhard Heintzman Co.), a most important sale of rare and costly household furniture. The goods consist of articles belonging to the estates of Sir Geo. Burton, Major Butterworth, and the late Alexander Haydon. They consist of such valuable pieces of furniture as Mahogany Inlaid Sofas, Chippendale and Sheraton Chairs, Carved Mahogany Dining-room Sets, Drawing-room Suites, Library, Den and Bedroom furniture, Turkish Rugs and Carpets, Fine Cut Glass, Old Arms, valuable Oil and Water-color Paintings; valuable collection of Crown Derby, Old Wercester, Dresden, Sevres and other China, etc.

This Sale, which begins at 10 o'clock each day, and which will be conducted by Chas. M. Henderson & Co., promises to be one of the most interesting Catalogue Auction Sales ever held in Canada.

Catalogues ready on the 19th, and may be obtained at 87-89 King Street East. The entire collection will be on view on Monday, the 22nd, from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Out-of-town buyers can have goods packed and shipped by practical men on the premises.

$2.10—BUFFALO RETURN—$2.10. Saturday, Nov. 20th—Canadian Pacific Railway.

Parkdale Bowling Club Excursion will leave Toronto on Canadian Pacific Railway fast train at 9.30 a.m., Saturday, Nov. 20th, arriving at Buffalo 12.30 noon. Tickets good to return Saturday, Sunday, or Monday following. Parlor Car attached to train. Trains stop at Terrace Station, Buffalo. Secure tickets from Committee, Canadian Pacific Ticket Offices, south-east corner King and Yonge Streets, King Edward Hotel and Union Station.

The Honorary Governors who will visit Toronto General Hospital during the coming week are Mr. J. C. Eaton and Mr. Widmer Hawke.

"How often does your car kill a man?" "Only once, guv'nor!" replied the chauffeur.—Tit-Bits.

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Look at the firepot (see picture), note the walls around fire—they slope in—simply corral the fire — use up every particle of heat—that's economy. Even when the fire's low the water is kept warm—that's efficiency.

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INFORMATION

OF INTEREST ABOUT OUR

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OUR Building Sale is now on in earnest. The public have realized that their opportunity is now at hand. Were you among the number who purchased their Christmas gifts at this store the last few days? The business we have done is enormous—yet we want this week to be a greater business week than last. We want your help—we are doing our share. The price reductions we have made are simply startling—in fact it's hard to believe, unless you come and inspect our values—this is just what we want you to do. You will be amply repaid. Note what is going on in the following lines of goods:

IN SILVERWARE

If you need a Fern Dish, a Tea Set, a Bake Dish, or Silver Waiter, then your opportunity is at hand to secure these at big reductions. Fern Dishes formerly $11.00, now selling for $7.50. Bake Dishes, $10.00, now selling for $7.50, and similar price cutting on the entire assortment.

IN CUT GLASS

Our Cut Glass Room is simply ablaze with reductions. Fine Cut Glass Water Bottles, formerly $5.50 for six, now $2.00 for six. Water Bottles, $3.50, now $2.00. Berry Bowls, $8.50, now $6.00. Cream and Sugars, $7.00, now $5.00. Also a wide range of Vases from the small Bud Holder to the large Table Centre Vase. Some of these have the prices cut in half.

TOILETWARE

Are you thinking of a Toilet Set as your Christmas Gift? Our Toilet Ware Department is stocked full, awaiting your selection. Toilet Sets of every description from three to twenty pieces, in Ebony, Silver Plate and Sterling Silver. You had best select these at once and leave your order for Engraving. The price reduction is ample reason for your acting now.

CLOCKS

You have long contemplated a Clock for that particular room. No need to wait now. Some of our prices have been cut in two. Mantle Clocks, Den Clocks, Hall Clocks, Parlor Clocks, and a magnificent assortment we show—the prices speak for themselves and are for your benefit.

PEARL GOODS

Our entire assortment of Solid Gold Pearl Set Brooches and Pendants has been sorted up in Trays, at prices of $3.00, $5.00, $7.50, $10.00, $12.00, $15.00, $17.00, and $20.00—the reductions are most remarkable, bigger values than ever before offered. In going over these pads we notice a $27.00 Brooch, for $15.00—a $9.00 Brooch, for $5.00—an $18.00 Brooch, for $10.00—select your Gift now for Christmas, from this assortment.

WATCHES

All our own special fine nickel movements are under reduction. It seems a shame to sell such fine movements at such low prices we quote, but we have no conscience as regards price reduction in this Building Sale of ours. These fine movements are fitted in Silver, Solid Gold or Gold Filled Cases as desired and go to you at remarkable close prices.

GOODS LAID ASIDE

On the payment of a small deposit we will engrave and lay aside your selection until desired—this is your rare opportunity to select your Christmas Gifts when your money does double value—Don't put off your selection. Our assortment is now complete.

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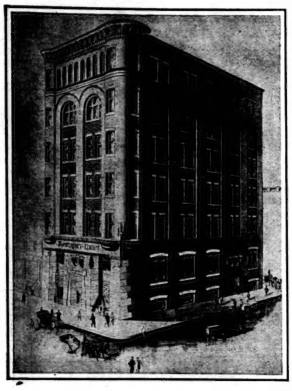
156 Yonge St. - - - Toronto



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Advertisements—Advertising rates furnished on application. No advertisements but those of a reputable character will be inserted.

Vol. 23. Toronto, Canada, November 20, 1909. No. 6.

!?. Points About People .?!

Trethewey Had His Ups and Downs.

W. G. TRETHEWEY, who discovered the famous mine at Cobalt which bears his name, and also its neighbor, the Conigas, but who now pursues the quiet life of a gentleman farmer on his model farm at Weston, Ontario, has probably cleaned up more cold cash out of Canada's unrivalled silver area than any other man who ever planted foot in the camp. Some may remark that he has been exceptionally lucky, but Mr. Trethewey, like most other people, has had his full quota of ups and downs. He learned the trade of a steam-fitter, but has played every part in the mining game from a grub-staker to a squatter. Nearly twenty years ago he was dangerously near the millionaire class several times but did not know it. He lacked the nerve.

In 1890 he was offered a half interest for $300 in the famous Le Roi gold mine in British Columbia. The property had just been discovered, and was not regarded as very promising. Later it sold for nearly three million dollars. That same year Mr. Trethewey had another gilt-edged opportunity. An impecunious American military man, who had erected a shack at Trail, B.C., and dished out pork and beans to the miners, said one day: "Look here, Trethewey! I own 360 acres of town site here, and if you will pay the mining license fee—one dollar per acre—I will give you a half interest in the whole business." The young man had the necessary amount in his pocket at the time, but he hesitated and lost. Just think what owning half the property in the busy, thriving town of Trail would mean to-day! It was fourteen years later that Mr. Trethewey, while prospecting, discovered the famous properties in Cobalt which made him a millionaire.

Didn't Know Mr. Gompers.

ON Monday night of this week, Mr. Samuel Gompers and party occupied boxes at the Princess Theatre, as guests of the management. Their boxes were draped with British and American flags, and Mr. Gompers, with his little round silk cap, his twinkling glasses, and his benign, fleshy, clean-shaven countenance attracted no little attention. Of course, there were some people in the house who did not know he was the High Priest of Trades Unionism in America, but they realized that he must be a High Priest of some sort. This led to considerable discussion between acts, and after the performance, in a street car, the writer overheard a conversation on the subject which was very much more amusing than it can be made to appear on paper.

A gentleman, accompanied by two ladies, remarked to one of his companions:

"So you didn't know who Gompers was, eh?"

"No," she replied, "all I could remember having heard about him was that he ought to be in jail—oughtn't he?"

Then up spoke the other lady:

"You say he's president of the American Federation of Labor. Why, I thought Mr. Mackenzie King was head of all the labor people!"

Student Pranks have Lost Their Flavor.

THE recent fuss at the University recalls some of the truly formidable student doings of past years. What must Dr. Beattie Nesbitt and others of the class of 1887 think of a celebration in which only a trolley rope was pulled, a lawn mower injured, and a few garments destroyed! What must they think of expulsion and other dire penalties for these comparatively harmless hoodlum proceedings?

Those who spent their childhood in Toronto in the eighties well remember the two cannons given to the city after the Crimean war by the British Government. They stood in Queen's Park just where the monument to Sir John Macdonald is now located and pointed down Queen's avenue. They are now placed on either side of the entrance to the Parliament buildings, but escape general attention. One night, over twenty years ago, the residents of the central part of the city—and it was mostly central then—were awakened by a deafening roar. Everywhere, people in night caps thrust their heads from windows thinking that the end of the world had come. Then it was remembered that it was the night of the thirty-first of October. Next morning it transpired that the students had unspiked those two relics of Sebastopol, had loaded them with gunpowder and old boots, and had touched them off. It was lucky that there was no one on Queen's avenue at the time, and that the guns were not of long-range character. There were no casualities; not a student had even a finger burned. The identity of the ringleaders, one of whom was Beatty Nesbitt, was kept a close secret, but nowadays sober professional men who are losing their hair, boast of having taken part in that enterprise, and become ten years younger in telling about it.

Old University graduates also relate how a gentleman, now a prominent clergyman in the United States, went down on his knees to a committee of students appointed to deal with his case, to save his moustache. The orders were that one half of it was to be sacrificed, and that he was to appear for a week with only the left side of his mouth so adorned. It was a very beautiful golden moustache of a kind rare up at the University, and finally the committee had mercy on him and accepted some other act of sacrifice instead. And then there was the occasion when the students by some means or other took the caretaker's cow up to the tower of University college, a task as seemingly impossible as the building of the pyramids, and left the poor beast there bellowing her troubles to the night air.

It was only when the students commenced to destroy property other than that connected with the University that the town and gown troubles in this city commenced. But in those good old days there was not much doing and everybody relished a bit of riot, whatever the occasion. The pranks of the students, moreover, have lost their flavor of originality, and are apt to be sordid, unimaginative, and destructive when carried beyond their own campus.

Mobbing a Hypnotist.

THE recent troubles of a travelling hypnotist in Glasgow recall an episode in Toronto in which students played no part, but in which a travelling hypnotist fared badly. Years ago, before Hanlan's Point became a wilderness of shows and a large area of land, it was a small breathing space with a white-washed hotel, a few trees, a wharf, and a showman in the person of Julius Caesar Connor, a native of Whitby, Ont., and since deceased. Connor looked like the imaginary likenesses of Artemis Ward, which figure in old editions of that humorist's works, and was proud of the fact that he had never worn a necktie. He maintained that for a man with a chin whisker a necktie was superfluous—that it was, so to speak, gilding the lily. Although the showman, he was in reality the show; for though he used to employ entertainers, they were not nearly so entertaining as his own speeches in introducing them. On one occasion he introduced a strong woman of vast dimensions with the words, "The little lady will now lift a hawse." And she did raise a hefty beast.

Hypnotism was then the craze, and Connor found a hypnotist and a "subject." The performer was advertised as a marvel unequalled, and after the first performance it was seen that his entertainment was manifestly the thinnest kind of a fake. It was not even funny. The same crowd used to go over to the Point every night, and at the second performance they went armed. As the unequalled marvel reached the climax of his performance an egg struck him. Connor jumped to the platform. "I will give ten dollars in real money for the name of the man who threw that aig," he cried. Hardly were the words out of his mouth when another egg struck him square on the left cheek. The hypnotist, in the meantime, decamped, and the crowd who had nothing against Connor followed him. They chased him on board the steamer, and though he tried to hide in a dark corner, they rooted him out of there and made him take refuge on top of the paddle-box, where he maintained a precarious position all the way across the bay. Derisive passengers suggested that he hypnotize his tormentors, but he did not try it, and when the city was reached was glad to find safety behind the sheltering blue uniform of a constable on the wharf.

A Bruce Man's Great Idea.

THERE is no limit to the enterprise of the typical man from Bruce county. He can be found in almost any part of the English speaking world, and he is always engaged in some profitable calling that no one else has thought of. A few years ago a Bruce county lad went west with a harvesters' excursion and decided to settle in southern Alberta. He made one discovery that other people had made but which no one had thought of turning into account. It was that in the rarefied air of the foothills there is no such malady among horses as "the heaves." On further investigation he discovered that the air of the region was such that a horse could not maintain an attack of heaves even if he wanted to. Now in old Ontario this malady is a curse which the average farmer never fathomed. He only knows that it is a sort of asthma which turns an otherwise docile beast into a roaring and unpleasant nuisance, unfits him for hard work and cuts down his value by about three-fourths. A poor old plug with a chronic attack of the heaves is so pathetic an object that farmers have been known to shoot a horse in his prime who became so afflicted.

The Bruce man was struck with a fine idea. Horses were needed in southern Alberta and commanded a high figure. So he wrote east to his brother on the old place at home to buy all the afflicted animals that he could pick up for a paltry figure. The brother had no difficulty in gathering together a carload. On arrival at High River they were turned out to grass. In a few weeks all the roaring had ceased and the horses were fat and frisky. They sold for four or five times the price they had cost in Ontario and the Bruce lad laid the foundation of a fortune which threatens to make him one of the big men of the west.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

The District Visitor (making herself agreeable): "Does your husband drink, Mrs. Mason?"
Mrs. Mason: "No, mum; does yours?"—The Tatler.

Duty Free.

MR. Andrew Broder, the Federal member for Dundas County, and commonly known as the Abe Lincoln of the Canadian Parliament, is one of the people's representatives who believes in scattering sunshine and good will along not only the political but the business pathway. Previous to 1896, the year in which the pendulum at Ottawa swung to the Liberal side, Mr. Broder had for some time been occupying the position of collector of customs at Morrisburg. Since then he has continuously represented Dundas, Sir James Whitney's beloved constituency, in the Federal House.

But it was during Mr. Broder's occupancy of the customs office that several occurrences, humorous in character, are recorded. No doubt the now member for Dundas was zealous in the discharge of his duties. No doubt while occupying the chief desk at the receipt of customs the country's interests in that particular were in safe keeping. They truly were. But, after all, Mr. Broder, as was proper, viewed matters at times most kindly and humanly, and possibly was not too exacting as to the five yards of store print for Mary's dress, if he thought the purchase had made heavy inroads on the purchaser's finances.

But apart from such a missionary spirit many specially interesting happenings are narrated. Among others is told the following. Once upon a time, during his tenure of office, a citizen had crossed the border from Uncle's Sam's country, having in charge a very pretty rooster. Of course the importer of the fowl was anxious as to the amount of duty on the bird, and Mr. Broder took up the issue in a very matter-of-course way. He enquired very closely as to the former place of residence of the feathered creature, its ancestral history, why it was coming to Canada, the likely location of its new home in the back concessions, and all the rest, until the owner of the fowl thought matters were being pretty thoroughly sifted. And then Mr. Broder, in apparent seriousness, broke forth after this fashion: "I will charge you no duty, whatever, if you make me one promise."

"Well, what might that be?" hastily inquired the astonished owner.

"That is," replied the officer, "that you agree to never permit this Yankee rooster to crow on a Canadian farmyard."

THE ROYAL HOUSE PARTY AT WEST DEAN PARK.

It was from here that His Majesty touched the button that opened the Tuberculosis Hospital in Montreal. The names, reading from left to right, are: Back row—Mrs. Sneyd, the Dowager Duchess of Devonshire, Hon. Mrs. Lowther, Mrs. Greville, the Hon. Miss Fellowes, the Marquis de Soveral, Lady Savile, Mrs. Willie James, the King, Lady Alington, Hon. Mrs. George Keppel, Miss Millicent James; front row—Mr. Arthur James, Hon. George Keppel, Colonel Ponsonby, Sir Archibald Edmonstone (Mrs. Keppel's brother), Lord Savile, Major Holford, Mr. Willie James, Mr. Frank de Marriet, Lord Alington, Mr. Montagu Guest.

A NOTABLE FUNCTION

THE last Drawing Room of the Grey *regime* was held on Saturday night in the Senate Chamber, Parliament buildings, Ottawa, and was a brilliant scene. One cannot be in the Drawing Room and write of it, so the powers-that-be have graciously provided an excellent little place of vantage for the observer, whence she or he can see everything to perfection, and at the last moment slip down the stairs, join the smart coterie of officers' wives who enter for presentation after the "tail" has finished, (the said "tail" comprising all those who have not the *entree* either with the Cabinet, the Senate, or the House of Commons,) and make the curtseys or bows prescribed by custom to the Earl and Countess who stand in the place of Royalty. At eight o'clock the Senate Chamber is a vacant vista of crimson carpets, canopies, all of the same warm hue; while through the glass ceiling soft yellow light glows like sunshine on the quiet scene. There is racing and chasing outside in the corridors and gathering of fair women, looking wonderfully pretty and fascinating in the veil and feathers that finish off their fine toilettes, in the Senate corridor, in the Commons corridor, and behind the doors which shut out the Cabinet on either side of the throne. But in the ruby Chamber nothing but the soft yellow light and the ruddy velvet and Brussels. Presently a sword clanks, another, and another, and from the door, opposite the throne, officers come strolling into the room. Sentries on guard in brilliant uniforms take up their places here and there, officers with waste paper baskets for the cards put them in place more officers come clanking in by the dozen, an admiral and a commander or two march in a superior manner to the very foot of the throne, for the Navy ranks the Army at the Drawingroom as elsewhere. There is a loud long strain from the military band outside and the various uniforms hurriedly "dress by the left" and in two long lines, from gate to dais before the throne, form a living lane for the coming of the Great Ones. The Generals and Colonels of the viceregal escort clank in two by two, carefully graded and paired, they pass the guard at the brass barrier and the viceregal pair come on behind them. His Excellency is in full court costume, his white satin breeks and gold-embroidered coat and orders and ribbon of the Garter and sword making a brave show on his straight well-built form. Her Excellency sails by his side in a robe of cloth of gold falling in beautiful lines to the rosy floor, spreading in generous width and length, and over it an immense court train also of cloth of gold, its weight hanging from the shoulders and streaming many yards behind, a magnificent and regal garb surely, finished with a wide spread pointed crown of diamonds above the softly waved pompadour. A splendid boquet of orchids and lilies gives the last touch to a gown which suggests Oriental splendor. The Governor and his Countess take their places on the dais before the throne, and scarcely have they assumed their position when the door behind the throne, to the right, flies open, and from a bewildering crowd of feathers, veils, satins, laces, gold embroideries and huge boquets, a slight girl floats in, and the clear voice of Sir John Hanbury Williams calls the name of Lady Evelyn Grey, who curtseys prettily to her parents and quickly steps to her place, slightly in the rear to the left. The viceregal guests at Rideau, with Lady Hanbury Williams and her daughter, follow immediately and the Premier (without his Lady, who is not equal to the fatigue) the Cabinet Ministers and their wives and daughters come one by one through the special door behind the throne, are announced, make their obeisance and range themselves on the terraces to the left where, ordinarily, chairs run the length of the chamber. Then, the speaker of the Senate and Mrs. Kerr, in a pale pink gown and lace and flowers, then the aged Senators with wives and daughters who emerge from the Senate corridor at the other end of the Chamber and the younger Senators, among whom Guthrie, of Guelph, and his pretty wife, in a pale blue gown are easily the handsomest couple. After the Senate, the Commons, from their corridor on the right, with many pretty women and girls in their care, and after the Commons, the Consuls and Deputy Ministers, and after them the "tail." Those who head this patient and long-suffering section were on the steps of the portals at seven o'clock and it is now half-past nine, but they look as fresh and attractive as any who have gone before. By scores and scores they file slowly along between the guards who take up cards at the brass barrier, between the lines of officers who smile at those they know, and admire every extra pretty creature, up to the Sergeant-at-Arms who takes the card they hold and passes it to the Aide who in turn hands it to Sir John, who then announces the name, which in the case of a "first presentation" has those words loudly proclaimed. The first presentation cards are pink and somewhat larger than ordinary. There are all sorts of gowns in the constantly changing line short and long, clinging and wide, Empire and Directoire, and plain Canadian. There are all sorts of veils, from a sort of Turkish affair as big as a sheet, to a perky "yard and a quarter" frilled up on a cocky little tri-plume over a natty coiffure. These veils are worn in all sorts of ways, except over the face, and some one will yet achieve that; here a veil and feathers are jauntily placed over one ear, there the feathers are reared up as if in sudden fright while the veil floats generously over the back and shoulders, and yet someone else has one long feather instead of two or three short ones, some of the veils show signs of a *mauvias quart d'heure*, out there where the tail wagged, but the general effect is of prettily quaint dignity. The tail having at last wound itself in, the officers' wives come floating down from their gallery, we float down with them and having curtseyed our best, join the crowd now filling the Senate Chamber, the corridors and the side galleries. The band plays at intervals, and the host, or hostess, who entertains at home supper begins to gather the guests. There is an aftermath of gayety in the Speaker's hospitable rooms and everyone is saying how delightfully Mr. and Mrs. Kerr perform their hospitable duties. Then, we two, who have seen it all from start to finish, make a dash for the train, and startle the grinning porter by arriving in full regalia in search of our other clothes and our beds!

Lady Gay.

Chang-Yin-Tang, who has been selected to succeed Wu-Ting-Fang as Chinese ambassador at Washington is a Cantonese and the son of a famous general. He was one of the negotiators with Tang-Shao-Yi of the Thibet convention with Great Britain. Later on he became China's resident in Thibet, and also plenipotentiary for the negotiation of Thibet trade regulations. Since 1908 he has been an official of the Wai-Wu-Pu.

The Senate's Day of Life

THERE are irreverent people who are in the habit of poking fun at the Senate, and who question, not only its right to exist, but even the fact of its existence. For, according to these scoffers, the Senate does not properly live at all, but merely endures. And thus has the Senate come to be known as a political Land of Nod, a mooring-place by the banks of Lethe, a port of missing men, where sailors drift in from the open sea to drowse and dream among the things that are cast up by the tide. But even the most extreme of radicals must admit that there is at least one day when the Senate awakens like Rip Van Winkle, and rises from its bluff to take part in the affairs of men. Then it comes forth clad like Solomon in all his glory; and it is a keen eye that can see its hoary locks under the cocked hat, and a keen ear that can catch the creaking of its old joints back of all the ribbons and gold lace. For it is the opening of a new session of Parliament, and the Senate is having its day of life.

The latest resurrection of the Senate took place a few days ago. The society editors of all the society papers of the country agreed that it was one of the most successful performances of the kind ever witnessed in the Senate Chamber. According to their testimony, the opening of the second session of the eleventh Parliament was one blaze of fair ladies and brave men, and a triumph of dress-making. Silks and laces and white shoulders vied with red and blue uniforms and beruffled court-suits and gaudy epaulettes. In the midst of all this the poor legislators, Commons and Senators, are apt to be lost sight of, in spite of the fact that it was really for their benefit that the session was being opened at all. But the main interest for the spectator was almost entirely a scenic one. And the picture was certainly superb. I know, for I saw it all from the front of the reserved gallery. I was there when the doors opened, and I waited till the last curtain was rung down and the footlights were put out. Nor did I allow my attention to be distracted by the little side-show in the House of Commons. I stayed in the big tent, where lights were brightest, and colors were gayest, and the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod cracked his whip in the ring.

Three o'clock was the hour set for the ceremony, but my official notification from the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod warned me to be on hand at half-past one. The letter, by the way, was addressed to "Dear Madam" —meaning me.

"Puttin' you among the girls, are they?" asked the big and very sumptuous policeman at the door.

I didn't quite realize how much among the girls I was to be, until I got to the place intended for me. This was only after every word of the letter had been read by every policeman on duty. Then I found to my horror that I had to sit in the very forefront of the gallery reserved for ladies. A number of them were already in their places. They all wore evening-dress. They also wore a look of surprise when I came in. I sat down with an expression of elaborate unconsciousness, anad immediately became engrossed in the scene below. A hand touched me on the shoulder.

"Say, mister," said an usher in a stage-whisper that carried all over the gallery, "you ain't got no business here. This place is reserved for ladies—exclusive. See?"

I showed him my credentials. He sniffed audibly at the "Dear Madam."

"Now, look a' here," he said in a weary tone, "orders is orders, and I got instructions to put out any gents that came in here. Are you goin', or are you not?"

"You'd better go and see Mr. So-and-So," said I, mentioning one of the gentlemen in charge of such arrangements, "before you do anything rash."

He went away promising to come back. I thought the ladies around me looked somewhat disappointed that he had not thrown me out. He never came back. I met him as I was going out.

"Say, that was all right," he said apologetically. "You see, I didn't know you was to go in with the dear madams, and—well, orders is orders."

In the meantime some girls' school or a convent had been filing in across the way, and in a few minutes the gallery was filled to overflowing. The girls were evi-

dently enjoying the experience tremendously, and their chatter filled the whole hall. The end galleries were also soon crowded with spectators, who thus formed a great bank around the upper part of the Chamber. They all glared intently into the pit below, and one was reminded of nothing so much as the pictures of Spanish bull-fights. But so far the "toreadors" had not put in their appearance.

At last there was some activity in the pit. In bustled an usher, leading a couple of ladies to their appointed places. On each side of the room were four rows of seats, all with numbers ticketed on their backs. Three rows of seats rose one above the other, but the fourth row was on a level with the third. These four rows on each side were reserved for the *toilettes*—including the ladies, of course. Well, as I said, in came the first two, and marched with what they could of dignity to their places, resolutely unconscious of the hundreds of eyes that devoured them from aloft. For a moment everyone was hushed, and then there was a universal hum as each spectator turned to her neighbor to discuss the two costumes. It must have been very trying to have to sit through that, and look as if you didn't know what they were all talking about.

There was soon a diversion, however, for in came some more ladies. And after them came others, and still others, till the hum in the galleries became one continuous drone. And the costumes! But, of course, I make no attempt at description. No mere man should rush in where only society editors can tread. But though I have no names for the materials or the styles or any of the purely technical parts, I know a pretty picture when I see one; and this one was pretty.

There were young ladies in blues and pinks and greens and yellows; and there were old ladies in soft greys and lavenders and blacks. There were also some young ladies in the softer and mellower shades; and—I regret to say —some quite old ladies in the very juvenile colors. The styles were of every kind known to the modern dressmaker, and one or two of the kind known to the dressmakers of a generation ago. One old lady, in particular, the wife of a famous member of the Senate, wore a lavender dress of old-fashioned cut, in which she had the quaint and dainty grace of an old miniature. But all the colors—from whichever end of the spectrum they came —blended together to form a shifting, shimmering mass of light and color on each side of the floor of the Senate Chamber; and bright faces and white shoulders and arms shone out from the rich tones of velvet and the sheen of iridescent silk. They made a sentimental person think of the flower-strewn banks of a stream, in which—to carry the image farther—the frock-coated Senators who drifted about the centre of the floor, might be regarded as a lot of floating pots and kettles, each with the right to call the other black.

The Speaker took his chair, which was placed at the foot of the steps leading up to the canopied throne waiting for the Governor-General. With his three-cornered

hat and his robes, he was a very impressive figure, and he read in a very loud and impressive voice. He gave the Senate the message of the Governor-General's secretary to the effect that His Excellency would open Parliament at three o'clock; and he notified them that there were two new members to be introduced. He also read the Lord's Prayer—read it carefully from a book. There are cases where it doesn't do to trust one's memory.

The ceremony of introducing a new member of the Senate is highly symbolical, perhaps, but it is scarcely as impressive as it is intended to be. The sight of two elderly and eminently respectable Senators, with a new Senator between them, carefully supporting him down the centre of the Chamber to the Clerk's table, is apt to convey rather ludicrous suggestions of a night out to an irreverent mind. And a further color is given to profane imaginings by the usual nervousness and indecision of the new members. The illusion was so strong with me that I would not have been very much surprised had the Speaker said: "A dollar and costs—or eight days!" But this approaches *"lese-majeste."* Therefore, let it suffice to say that the two new Senators were duly helped down the aisle, and then left to stand first on one foot and then on the other, like a chicken on a hot stove-lid, while the Clerk of the Senate read out the solemn rigmarole provided for such emergencies. After that they were sworn in, and then sent to shake hands with their friends and assume the air of senatorial repose which marks the old-timer.

Below the Clerk's desk, several rows of seats were placed for guests of honor, such as the various consuls and a number of prominent Government officials. Conspicuous among the consuls and their wives were the Chinese representative and his consort, both of whom were dressed in their national costume of dark silk, superbly embroidered in brilliant hues. The consul also wore a little round, red, fur-trimmed hat on the back of his head. The lady, who seemed particularly bright and animated, took the most lively interest in the scene around her, especially in the costumes worn by her Occidental sisters. The Japanese consul was also present, but he was in white man's clothes, and he added nothing of Oriental splendor to the scene.

"Here she comes!" said everybody, and then the whole assembly stood up as Lady Grey and the Government House party entered at the lower end of the Chamber, and walked up to their places at the left of the throne. Lady Laurier had previously taken her seat directly opposite.

"Now, what do you think of that gold laurel-leaf embroidery on her dress?" said a lady next me to a lady beside her. The other lady thought it was very effective. And then they proceeded to deftly take to pieces all the clothes of the viceregal party. It was very interesting, but a trifle embarrassing. Unfortunately, it was so technical I missed a lot.

Suddenly a number of men in brilliant uniforms of varied color came into the Chamber from the doors to the right and left of the throne. They were the members of the headquarters staff of the Militia Department. Almost at the same instant a number of other gentlemen in martial array came in at the main entrance to the Chamber and proceeded down the aisle to the throne in two long lines. It was the Governor-General's personal staff, and they heralded the approach of His Excellency. Far down the line to the left stalked the tall figure of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and directly after him came Earl Grey. The Governor-General was in his official uniform, and made an extremely handsome figure in his suit of black and gold, with sword and cocked hat and broad sash—and it isn't every man can do it in a costume of the sort.

Everyone stood up while Earl Grey slowly mounted the steps of the throne and sat down.

"Be seated," he said. And we were.

Then did the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod become for a few fleeting moments a figure of national importance. This official had been flitting picturesquely about the Chamber in court costume—meaning black silk knickers, ruffles, and a sword. He was furthermore distinguished by a slender black rod, surmounted by a gilt crown, which he carried resting against his right shoulder like a sword. The Gentleman Usher was now called before the throne, and was told to go and summon the Commons before the Governor-General.

He bowed—bowed once, and twice, and thrice. This was perhaps the most solemn moment of the whole ceremony. Slowly and with extreme dignity did the Gentleman Usher bow at the foot of the throne. Then, again, just below the Clerk's table he performed the same elaborate obeisance. Nor was this all. Just at the bar at the lower end of the hall he halted and bowed once more. Then, preceded by a herald, the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod solemnly lock-stepped out of the Chamber, while everyone leaned back and drew a long breath. The crisis was passed.

In a few minutes back came the Gentleman Usher. But this time he was followed by a stately figure in a flowing black robe and a three-cornered hat. It was the Speaker of the House of Commons. He stalked with dignity into a semi-circular space in the brass rail and mounted the low platform, while after him flowed a disorderly rabble of members of the House. They talked and laughed and jostled one another, and gave one the impression of a very uproarious school of boys cutting up behind the head-master's back. The Speaker stared straight ahead, solemn and inscrutable as the sphinx.

In the meantime the Governor-General had begun his speech from the throne. The regular inflections of his voice gave it something of the monotonous rhythm with which they intone the lessons in the Church of England. One got ready to say "Amen" in the pauses. Everyone leaned forward with respectful attention. It was a solemn moment. I was gazing in a semi-hypnotic state at the scarlet and ermine—it looked a little like white tabby-cat, as the black points were missing—of the judges grouped about the wool-sack. Just then a rolled-up coat came down in a lump on a fair lady's *coiffeur*, and I glanced up in time to see a red-faced young lady just recovering herself from her ineffectual grab for the flitting garment.

At such ceremonies as this things are always occurring which are not on the programme. This is what adds the charm of the unexpected. Earlier in the game two or three hats had floated down from the gallery-rail, where their careless owners had placed them. About the same time a former Cabinet minister's wife—no, I won't give the name—moved her chair to the edge of the platform and suddenly shot off onto the floor. But she was game, and got up smiling, at about the count of four. Then, while everyone was waiting for the members of the House to put in their appearance, an old codger in a fur-trimmed brown coat with a brown derby on his head and a brown grip in his hand, tried to force his way into the hall at the main entrance. A two-hundred-pound policeman remonstrated with him. He finally saw the strength of the "cop's" reasoning and retired. Then the story went about that he was some poor, deluded, former member of the House of Commons, who had come to witness the opening of a session in which he had no place. But perhaps this was just the poetic instinct of the masses at work.

The Governor-General read his speech in English, and then read it in French. And every time he addressed the Senate he lifted his cocked hat, and the Speaker of the Senate came back with his three-cornered ditto. And every time he turned his attention to the House of Commons he did the same, to which the Speaker of the Commons made reply in kind. It was most impressive, but these three-cornered hats contained haunting reminders of apple turn-overs I have met.

Finally, copies of the addresses were presented with many elaborate bows to both Speakers. They clutched them as the hero clutches the heroine in the final spot-light. The curtain floated down. The show was over. The second session of the Eleventh Parliament was open—wide open like a mining town in '49. I rose and went out to where the trusting public stood in foot-sore hundreds to admire the busbies of the guard of honor and watch the elect drive away.

P. O. D.

The World's Telephones.

OF 9,500,000 telephones in the world 7,000,000 are in America, 2,000,000 in Europe and the other 500,000 scattered over the remainder of the planet's surface. Commenting on these recent estimates and their probable correctness The National Telephone Journal of London says:

The reason why Europe cuts so poor a figure in comparison with America is that four or five of the most civilized and populous countries are extraordinarily backward in telephone development. France, Austria, Hungary, Belgium, Holland and Italy may be instanced. In the whole of France there are less than 200,000 stations, and in Austria and Hungary combined there are actually fewer telephones than in the city of Chicago.

Ancient cities of universal renown, counting 400,000 or 500,000 inhabitants, and moreover of greater commercial importance, such as Lyons, Marseilles, Naples, Antwerp and Prague, are far behind American towns with 50,000 to 100,000 inhabitants, such as Peoria, St. Joseph, Dayton and Norfolk, Va., which few Europeans have ever heard of; while Vienna, with a population of nearly 2,000,000, has not so many stations as San Francisco, with 350,000 souls. If the countries of central and western Europe were as well developed telephonically as even Great Britain and Germany, to say nothing of Scandinavia, the comparison with America would be vastly more flattering.

An Ancient Worthy.

The John Sandfield Macdonald Memorial in Queen's Park.

ONE of the strong men of Ontario was honored the other day when a monument was unveiled in Queen's Park to the Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald, first Premier of this province. The monument, which is the work of Walter S. Allward, is a very unpretentious, but also very forceful and dignified memorial. It stands in a recess formed in front of the Parliament buildings by the east wing, and thus shows up to every advantage. The accompanying picture gives an excellent idea of its appearance. The speeches preparatory to the unveiling were made in the Legislative Chamber by Sir James Whitney, who gave a biographical account of the dead statesman, and Mr. D. B. MacLennan, who was formerly Mr. Macdonald's partner. The Lieutenant-Governor who presided, also made a few remarks. It was a cause of general regret that the bad weather made impossible the presence of the Hon. Edward Blake, the old-time rival of Macdonald. Another old survivor of those "battles long ago" who could not attend the ceremony was Sir John Carling, Macdonald's only surviving Minister.

Preparing for Toronto's Art Gallery.

THERE will be held in the art gallery of the new Public Library building, College street, Toronto, from November 24 to December 18, a loan exhibition of works by European painters, contributed from private collections in the city. To encourage the love of art among the people, admission to the exhibition on the three Saturdays, November 27, and December 4 and 11, will be absolutely free.

In order to explain the significance of this undertaking it is necessary to tell the story of the big plan for the promotion or art-appreciation here, of which the exhibition in question is only an incident, a promise of something greater to come. If we turn back to the Revised Statutes of Ontario, for 1897, we find notice of the incorporation of the Art Museum, of Toronto. The idea of the museum was to encourage art interests in Ontario and eventually to establish and maintain an art gallery in this city. A provisional council, composed of prominent citizens, was formed, and an appeal made for funds. The sum of $40,000 was almost immediately promised. Just then, however, Professor Goldwin Smith and Mrs. Smith returned from a European trip, and intimated that they intended to bequeath to the directors of the Art Museum, as trustees in the public interest, their beautiful residence, The Grange, with its park of six acres. The proviso was made, however, that the promise should remain unannounced until Mrs. Smith's death. Then, naturally, the project of a permanent gallery was held in abeyance. Exhibitions, however, have been held from time to time, and now it has been arranged that the Museum shall have the use of the, as yet, unused gallery in the new Public Library building until an event which the whole country will regret places The Grange at its disposal, according to the will of the late Mrs. Smith.

The coming exhibition will be a notable one as it has the support of many prominent citizens, as well as the directorate of the Museum, composed of Mr. B. E. Walker, D.C.L., president; Mr. G. A. Reid, R.C.A., hon. secretary; Miss D'Arcy Boulton, secretary, and the following council: Hon. G. A. Cox, Sir Henry M. Pellatt, Prof. Mavor, Messrs. Frank Darling, R. Y. Ellis, J. W. Flavelle, Edward Gurney, E. F. B. Johnston, K.C., James Loudon, L.L.D., Chester D. Massey, Wm. McKenzie, J. P. Murray, Frederick Nicholls, E. B. Osler, M.P., D. R. Wilkie and Edmund Morris.

G. K. Chesterton, in a recent article, says: "Lord Rosebery has offered to Dr. Johnson some eloquent and witty compliments. It may seem under the circumstances an ungracious speculation, but I think it more than doubtful whether Dr. Johnson would have returned those compliments. If there were five things in the world that Johnson hated they were a sceptic, a Scotchman, a Whig, a sophist, and a nobleman patronizing letters. Lord Rosebery happens to be all five things at once. Now, to anyone who really loves and steeps himself in the spirit of Johnson, it is by no means so certain that Dr. Johnson would have disapproved of the Budget as it is that he would have disapproved of Lord Rosebery."

A recent Chinese newspaper states that the law of nationality, consisting of twenty-four articles, has been decided upon. By this law any person who has lived in China over ten years and is above twenty years of age, of good moral standing, being helpful to China, may be allowed to assume Chinese nationality, if asked for. Unless one has lived in China more than twenty years he will not be allowed to serve in the Grand Council, Imperial Household Department, or as a military official in any position above the fourth grade, neither can he become a member of Parliament nor of the Provisional Council.

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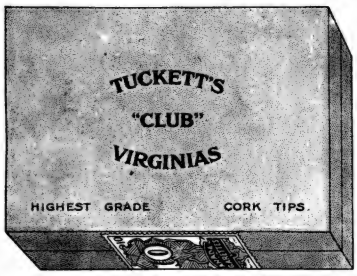

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"The Foreigner," by Ralph Connor. Publishay by the Westminster Company, Toronto.

THE theme of this new novel by the most popular of Canadian fiction writers is the assimilation of foreign peoples by Western Canada. After scanning the short preface, the reader naturally expects the story to be one of the present day. The author, however, has chosen to go back to the period just following the famous boom of '81. Winnipeg is pictured as it appeared in those days, when it was as it is now, but in a smaller way, the chief western distributing point, not only of supplies for eastern Canadian and British homesteaders, but of a conglomeration of foreign home-seekers. Most of the characters of the story are familiar western types—the well-born, hard-drinking, good-sort Englishman, the pink-tea Englishman, the self-sacrificing and successful missionary (in this case, of course, a Scotch Presbyterian), the money-grabbing Russian priest, the brisk young medical man, etc., together with foreigners of various kinds. The hero is a young Russian who develops into a most desirable Canadian citizen.

It cannot be truthfully said that "The Foreigner" is extraordinarily strong or interesting. Had Ralph Connor, when he began to write, launched this tale or "The Doctor" or any of his later works he would never have figured among authors producing best sellers. In fact if he had never had any stories to tell other than the sort he has written during the past few years, I am of the belief that he would never have been prompted to write stories at all. "The Sky Pilot" and "The Man from Glengarry" and "Glengarry School Days" were—let certain critics say what they will—books that were needed. Wholesome, strong, and refreshing, they clothed the Christian religion with an added dignity and held up virtue to hundreds of thousands of people not as a dull, lackluster thing but as something bright, cheerful, stimulating. I believe Ralph Connor was inspired to write them, if anyone was ever inspired to write. They came straight from the heart. But, although the author may be unconscious of the fact, his recent books are artificial, almost entirely lacking in the appeal of his early works. True they have a large sale, for the author's reputation is great. And some reviewers even have praised "The Doctor," for example, as being "larger in scope" and "more finished" than "The Sky Pilot" and the Glengarry stories. But let not Ralph Connor be deceived. Let him get back to his own *metier*, his good, homely Scotch stories, which always ring true. It is not to disparage his latest novel that I say this; as novels go it is quite meritorious. But it is disappointing to those who most truly enjoyed Ralph Connor's first unique contributions to our native literature.

* * *

"Hints for Lovers," by Arnold Haultain. Published by the Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston; $1.00.

In the literary world to-day so much mere smartness confronts us, that it is a real pleasure to discriminating and leisurely readers to come upon such a book as this volume of aphorisms by Mr. Haultain. It treats of these subjects in gravely whimsical fashion: Girls, Men, Women, Love, Lovers, Making Love, Beauty, Courtship, Men and Women, Jealousy, Kisses and Kissing, Engagements and Being Engaged, Marriage and Married Life, This Human Heart. But let no one assume that the principles and precepts contained in the volume are for the guidance and delectation of lovers only—that is, of young persons who wander in shady lanes and sit up late in dim-lit parlors. The book aims to appeal to everybody who ever was or ever hopes to be a lover.

* * *

"The Perjurer," by W. E. Norris. Published by the Copp, Clark Co., Toronto; $1.50.

There are a hundred different varieties of English society novels, from the complacent tales of Mrs. Humphrey Ward to the rip-roaring shilling shockers. "The Perjurer" is one of the mildly interesting sort, improbable, but not absurdly impossible. It is quite well written, and morally sound, although the hero is a perjurer.

* * *

"The Land of Long Ago," by Eliza Calvert Hall. Published by the Musson Book Company, Toronto; $1.25.

Here is a volume of delightful stories full of homely philosophy and reflection. Aunt Jane, an old Kentucky woman, is the narrator, and the tales she tells are the romances, tragedies, and comedies of her lifetime in a quiet neighborhood. Each chapter of the book is a story complete in itself, but taken in sequence the various incidents related form a charming, well-rounded picture of rural life. Aunt Jane is a dear old soul indeed, and it may be predicted that many of those who make her acquaintance will not remain dry-eyed while enjoying the recital of her experiences. Here are some of her characteristic sayings:

"The only good work is the work that love does."

"It's mighty hard to make a thing end right unless it begins right."

"Once in a while it's a good thing to stop work and look up at the sky."

"By the time you're old, losin' comes natural to you, but it's hard for young folks to take in a big loss."

"I ricollect Parson Page sayin' once that love and money was alike in one respect, they'd both draw interest, and I reckon many a married couple's richer than they think they are."

* * *

"The Autoblography of a Neurasthene," by Margaret A. Cleaves, M.D. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston; $1.50.

This is the life story of a physician in which the actual conditions are recorded. The work is written, as the author says, with the definite purpose of removing, if possible, the sting and opprobrium which the essential neurasthene bears because of the long continued pose of the neurasthene who does not exhaust neuronic energy, but poisons it by his way of living. In this case the physician broke down absolutely after years of mental strain. When she went to another physician she was told that she had injured her brain. But she proves that by proper use of will power a neurasthenic may still lead a useful life without the utter collapse so disastrous to the majority of nervous subjects. Dr. Cleaves's main object, which is to convince physicians that neurasthenia, while apparently lacking in a physiological pathology, is none the less a very definite disease which can be much helped by proper treatment, is successfully accomplished.

* * *

"The Lady of Big Shanty," by F. Berkeley Smith. Published by the Musson Book Co., Toronto; $1.25.

Mr. F. Berkeley Smith is Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's son, and it is very natural for him to have literary aspirations. His latest attempt at writing a book does not lead one to conclude that he will never write like his dad; it simply proves him to be very young. He may beat his dad at his own game some day, but he will not only have to practise a little more, but to live a good deal longer before that time comes. Smith, *fils*, gives one sign of promise—he does not try too hard to "show off." "The Lady of Big Shanty" is wholesome and told in a straightforward way; and though immature and unoriginal, it will no doubt be enjoyed by many people who find very light fiction entertaining. It concerns a New York millionaire who brings his frivolous wife to her senses by taking her in the woods and letting the powers of the primeval drive the artificiality and morbidness out of her system.

* * *

"Under the Mulberry Tree," by Theron Brown. Published by Richard G. Badger, The Gorham Press, Boston; $1.50.

Mr. Brown is one of the editors of The Youth's Companion, and in writing this story he is seeking to prove the truth of the observation of Oliver Wendell Holmes that "every articulately-speaking being has in him the stuff for one novel." The story is one of rural life in Connecticut in the forties, and introduces many historical incidents. Almost any tale frankly based on the writer's own experience is of peculiar interest, for Holmes of course was right when he remarked that there is in the experience of any normal human creature material for a novel. And Mr. Brown is able to articulate better than the average individual. Probably not a few readers of the book will be ready to suggest that he has in him stuff for more than just one story. HAL.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Shawnie Wade," by Sarah J. Prichard. Published by Richard G. Badger, The Gorham Press, Boston; $1.00.

"Christus Centuriarum," by James Davidson Dingwell. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston; $1.00.

"The Spirit of the South," by Will Wallace Harvey. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston; $1.50.

"Waters from an Ozark Spring." A book of verse by Howard L. Terry. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston; $1.00.

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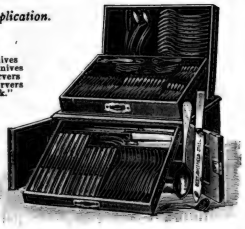

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SPORTING COMMENT

CONSIDERABLE pleasure has been felt and expressed by local horsemen at the success of the Canadian exhibitors at the recent New York horse show. Hon. Adam Beck with Sir Thomas took first prize in qualified hunters, and Crow and Murray, of this city, were second in the same competition. In ladies' qualified hunters Crow and Murray were first. In heavy horses the Clydesdales of Graham Brothers, of Claremont, Ontario, took practically everything there was to take, including the Vanderbilt Cup. These victories show that Canadian horses can enter against the best of American and English equines, and that they are dangerous competitors in any class they enter. And these victories remind us, even in our flush of patriotic pride, that the credit really belongs to the few men who have spent their time and money and energy to bring Canadian horse-breeding to its present position.

* * *

THE news of a forthcoming challenge for the America's Cup from Sir Thomas Lipton has called forth a variety of criticism from all sides, especially as the famous yachtsman has been endeavoring to have some changes made in the conditions of the great race. He points out—and probably with justice—that the necessity of sailing across the Atlantic lays the challenger under a handicap. Racing yachts of this particular type are built for one thing, speed, and therefore the one which has to undergo a real sea-going test may be obliged to make certain sacrifices for the sake of seaworthiness. The American papers deny that this is a handicap, as a matter of fact. But it is to be noted that while denying they get any advantage from this condition, there does not seem to be any disposition to waive it. The Bystander says on this subject:—

"In spite of previous rebuffs, Sir Thomas Lipton is going to make another valiant attempt to bring about a match for the American Cup, under conditions less one-sided than those imposed upon the challenger by the notorious deed of gift. I shall be surprised if he succeeds. The Yankees are not the sort of people to give something for nothing, even in the interests of sport. They know that under the terms of the deed of gift the chances of the challenger being able to lift the Cup are practically nil—even the indefatigable Sir Thomas himself has found that out—and they know that under the ordinary rules of international racing those chances would be very materially enhanced. Is it likely that, with their keen business instincts, they are going to take any unnecessary risks? The fact that everybody now recognises the futility of challenging under existing conditions does not trouble them in the least. They have got the Cup; no one can take it from them; and that is good enough for them. Englishmen in their place would say, "There is no sport in this; it is almost a case of 'heads I win, tails you lose.' Let us, at least, give our rivals a good sporting chance." But the Americans have yet to learn the true meaning of the word "sport." I wish Sir Thomas Lipton every success in his self-imposed task of teaching them. While I am on the subject of yachting and Sir Thomas Lipton, I may as well record the fact that, after all, his cutter Shamrock has "come out top" in the 23-metre class. It will be remembered that at the end of the season Shamrock and White Heather tied with twenty wins each to their credit. One of White Heather's wins, however, was scored on a protest, which was originally held to be valid by the Sailing Committee of the Club under whose auspices the race was sailed. That protest, however, has now been overruled, on appeal, by the Y.R.A., so that the race goes to Shamrock, with the result that her total of wins in the class is increased to twenty-one, while White Heather's is reduced to nineteen."

* * *

RECENT football fatalities in the United States, and especially the killing of Cadet Eugene A. Bryne in the match between West Point and Harvard, have dragged the game once more to the bar of public opinion, making its future development an urgent problem for every college faculty and every student athletic committee in the land. Up to November 1 the published list of football injuries since the opening of the present season numbers over 128; of these 100 were serious, while fourteen players have been killed. The newspaper verdict seems to be that the "reformation" of the American game a few years ago did not go far enough, and that a further revision of the rules is called for. A few papers, like the Pittsburg Sun, have little faith in the power of the Rules Committee to make the game even reasonably safe along present lines. "In spite of the momentary outcry," says The Sun, "young America will reserve the right to kill itself on the gridiron just as older America kills itself in less spectacular ways over hot birds and cold bottles, the ticker or social excess." While opponents of the game cite the death of Bryne as proof that football, even under the revised rules, is unfit for civilized men to play, its champions again remind us of its alleged value in the development of courage and other manly qualities, and point out that such sports as swimming and polo, against which there is no popular outcry, also claim their victims. The "manly quality" argument, according to a correspondent of the New York Herald, loses much of its weight "when you consider that there are from 300 to 3,000 students attending in a college and only 25 or 30 who actually get football training."

The play which resulted in Bryne's death is thus described in the New York World:

"Bryne played left tackle opposite Hamilton Fish, the Harvard captain, and looked up by many as the greatest tackle on the gridiron. Harvard had been directing mass plays against the line, using the old-time football tactics to drive the cadets back, and the game became rough in the extreme. Bryne was stunned when tackling Fish and revived, but the very next play, a line plunge, was directed against his side.

"Bryne's method of defense was to dive at opposing players and break up their interference. He dove into this next play and from all accounts must have raised his head in an effort to locate the ball just as almost the whole Harvard team plunged forward on top of him. Some player's knee probably struck him under the chin, jolting his head back with such force that it dislocated his neck."

The Christian Intelligencer (New York) calls attention to the fact that the list of killed and wounded this season is increasing with every game played and bids fair to surpass the record of 1905, the year immediately preceding the revision of the rules, when 24 players were killed and 200 injured, of last year when 10 were killed and 272 injured, and of 1904 "when 296 were on the hospital lists."

* * *

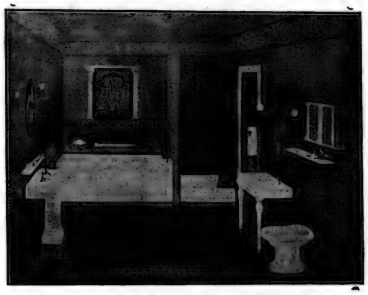
THE 120 yard professional sprinting championship of the world between C. E. Holway, an American, and A. B. Postle, of Australia, the holder of the title, created no small excitement. Holway won by a foot, and the reports are to the effect that it was one of the grandest races ever seen in England, at least the best since the palmy days of Harry Hutchens. No exact time was announced but it was said that the winner's figures were 2½ yards inside "evens," and that is inferred to be twelve seconds. Holway is a native of Attleboro, Mass., where he was born in 1885, and he stands 5 feet 11½ inches and weighs 176 pounds. He won quite a lot of sprints here and went to England last year to try for some of the big handicaps and was successful to an extent, for he won the Pontypridd Handicap, worth $700, from the short mark of 2½ yards. This put him in high favor with the followers of professional racing, so when Postle came along after defeating Day and Growcott, Holway did not have much trouble in finding backers.

Postle was born in Queensland in 1882 and is 5 feet 10 inches tall and scales 161 pounds. He has beaten every man he met previous to Holway and for quite a while last year his backers tried hard to induce R. E. Walker, the South African sprinter, to turn pro and run a series of races, but to no avail. This match between Postle and Holway was for $500 a side and all the arrangements were in the hands of Sonny Morton, who will be remembered a few years ago as the amateur champion distance runner. Before the men took their marks bets of 2 to 1 were offered against the American, and as they came out for the warming up canter it was noticed by the sharps around that Holway's strides were a trifle longer than the Australian's, some of them showing that he strode 8 feet to 7 feet 6 inches for the other man. Their styles of getting over the ground were different, the Australian moving with a soft feline crouch while the American dug right into the track and pounded along with great strength and aggressiveness.

They were sent away to a perfectly even start and Postle immediately gained a slight lead. At sixty yards he was about a yard in front of Holway and at the hundred yards it looked to be all over with the Yankee. However, at this point he was noticed to have great strength, and with his teeth clinched he dug in for all that was in him. Ten yards or so from the tape Postle looked around, and just at that moment Holway came with a rush and just nailed his adversary on the tape by a foot.

PLAYFAIR.

The Cabby—"Haven't you, mum? Well, you've done your best."



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THE DRAMA

ANNIE FRERY.
At the Royal Alexandra in Grand Opera next week.

THE old shibboleth of "art for art's sake" has long since lost the appeal it possessed in the days when it marked the reaction against a barren classicism. People no longer feel that any material is material for art, and that the method of treatment would dignify any subject. People are apt to ask that there should be artistic selection in the choice of matter as well as in its handling. And furthermore they are becoming increasingly squeamish as to the class of material which is rather evasively dubbed "unpleasant," and which deals with delicate problems of sex. People are now making resolute question of the problem-play's right to exist. They demand that such dramatic productions should be a serious and genuine artistic achievement, and should really contribute to the solution of the "problem," or that otherwise they should not be written or produced. And while this tendency may perhaps be sometimes carried too far, and result in a certain narrowness and provincialism, there can be little question that it is in the main a right one. It is the protest which the public is making against a class of plays which have been largely exploited, but which have served no good purpose on earth, either of amusement or instruction.

Unfortunately this week's offering at the Princess must come under this head. In spite of much clever work in "Van Allen's Wife," both on the part of the playwrights and the actors, it is an unpleasant and unprofitable production. It deals with a subject which no author has a right to take up unless he has something new to say on it; and Messrs. Halsey and Arthur have nothing new. They deal with it along quite conventional lines. And this is a kind of material which does not stand much rehashing. Therefore though the play contains many clever scenes and effective bits of dialogue, it is a production which is not likely to enjoy much popularity—and hardly deserves it.

As for the acting and setting of the production, the standard is very high. Miss Fannie Ward plays the title role, and acquits herself creditably. But Miss Ward has not the making of a strong emotional actress, and therefore she does not always rise to the demands of the part. A much more satisfactory piece of characterization is that of Clyde Townley, the villain of the play, by Mr. Reeves-Smith. This is an unusually clever piece of work, and is quite the most important contribution to the measure of success that the play attains. The stage-setting is excellent.

* * *

NO more striking contrast could be found to the play just mentioned, than the farce which is this week making gay the patrons of the Royal Alexandra. "Going Some" is a farce pure and simple, a roaring farce which doesn't pretend to be anything else. It makes no claims to realism or any other 'ism, but is quite frankly a perfectly absurd jumble of ridiculous situations and uproarious dialogue. But it is thoroughly funny, and the melancholy wise-acre who couldn't laugh at it is certainly not to be envied. It is the sort of performance from which you come away with a dryness in the throat and a wetness in the eyes and a soreness in the region of your waistcoat pockets. You may also feel a little ashamed of yourself that you could have laughed so hard at anything quite so foolish; but while you are looking at the play you have little time for these dignified reflections. And even while you are making them afterwards on the way home, the chances are that you suddenly recall some of Walter Jones' antics—his fright, for instance, when the cowboy held the gun on him—and you burst out laughing again, to the manifest suspicion of the casual policeman. This is not a play to analyse and discuss seriously. It is one to go to and see and laugh at. It is well staged and well played, and goes with a snap. Its digestive effect is splendid.

CISSY LOFTUS.
At the Majestic Music Hall week after next.

NEXT WEEK'S BILLS

Royal Alexandra—Grand Opera.
Princess—Yiddish Troupe and "Paid in Full."
Grand—"The Clansman."
Shea's—Vaudeville.
Majestic—Vaudeville.
Gayety—Golden Crook Company.

THE National Grand Opera Company will be the attraction at the Royal Alexandra next week. This organization, which is said to be one of the best on tour, numbers one hundred singers, many of whom have enjoyed considerable success in grand opera. The scenery, costuming, and orchestra are said to be on an equally high plane. Angelini, the musical director, was formerly with the San Carlos Opera Company, to whose success he contributed largely.

The opening bill will be Verdi's famous opera "Aida," in which the principals will be Annie Frery, the French dramatic soprano; Blanche Hamilton Fox, a Boston girl with a fine mezzo-soprano voice; Battaini, a tenor who has received much favorable notice; Alessandroni, a baritone; and Gravina, who is said to have sung basso-profundo with Caruso at La Scala. "Lucia" follows on Tuesday night, with Cicely Zavaschi, a coloratura soprano; Secci-Corsi, who has sung at the Manhattan in New York; and a number of other well known singers. Trovatore is the

(*Concluded on page* 18.)

The Commons and Senate at Ottawa

are of one mind when the choice of a piano for the Speakers' Chambers is the question at issue.

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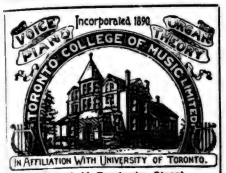

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BRAHMS TRIO
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Tickets $1.00. Plan opens at Bell Piano Warerooms, 146 Yonge St., Monday, 22nd inst.

MUSIC

ON Monday evening last, at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, there was held a meeting which may be regarded as one of considerable importance in the musical annals of our city. The occasion was that of the formation of the Ontario chapter of the American Guild of Organists of the United States and Canada.

Dr. Edward Fisher was in the chair, and he briefly and cordially introduced Messrs. Warren R. Hedden, S. Lewis Elmer and Frank Wright, the Warden, General Secretary and General Treasurer respectively of the Guild. These gentlemen had come over specially from New York for the purpose of carrying out the business of initiation; and, the meeting being placed in their hands, they addressed the gathering of representative organists in terms of optimism and fraternity, expressive of the belief that this union of Canadian and United States organists would result in benefits which would be mutual rather than one-sided.

The following officers of the Ontario chapter were then appointed: Dean, J. Humfrey Anger, Mus. Doc.; Sub-dean, Edward Broome, Mus. Doc.; Secretary, T. J. Palmer, A.R.C.O.; Treasurer, H. A Wheeldon, Mus. Bac., F.R.C.O.; Registrar, W. E. Fairclough, F.R.C.O.; Librarian, Richard Tattersall; Auditors, Dr. T. A. Davies, Dr. Norman Anderson; Executive Committee, to serve three years, Edward Fisher, Mus. Doc.; A. S. Vogt, Mus. Doc.; Edmund Hardy, Mus Bac.; to serve two years, Jas. Galloway, A.R.C.O.; G. D. Atkinson, V. P. Hunt; to serve one year, J. W. F. Harrison, T. C. Jeffers, Mus. Bac., T. Arthur Blakeley.

Dr. Anger, the Dean, was thereupon escorted to the chair, and he addressed the meeting, expressing the honor which he felt in being elected first Dean of the Ontario chapter. For some time, he pointed out, Canadian organists had been weighing various plans for organization; and three schemes had been before them, namely, the formation of an independent Canadian society, a connection with the English Royal College of Organists, or a federation with the American Guild of Organists.

The first scheme had met with only luke-warm support. The English affiliation had been rejected for two reasons, first, the distance of the motherland away from us, which would be a serious obstacle to progress and sympathetic union, second, the fact that the R.C.O. did not propose to amalgamate upon an equal basis, offered no representation upon the examining board, and planned to absorb all fees. By terms of the English scheme, Canadian organists would have no voice in the proceedings, and would merely figure as coaches to prepare a profitable crop of candidates, whose fees the philanthropic English would indulgently reap.

According to terms of federation with the American Guild of Organists, the Canadians would be received upon an equal footing, a representative would be appointed upon the examination committee, local musicians of established reputation and scholarly standing would be appointed for the practical examinations, and the local chapter would be self-governing financially.

Thus, the third scheme had met with the greatest approbation, the outcome of which was to be found in the proceedings of the evening.

Dr. A. S. Vogt also expressed his pleasure and interest in the occasion. He felt that the present step would be another means of improving the standard of church music, and that the only worthy scheme of federation was the present one which took our own organists into the confidence of the Guild upon a just basis.

Before the meeting adjourned Mr. H. A. Wheeldon was appointed to the examination committee, which at present consists of Messrs. Samuel Warren and Horatio Parker.

* * *

The concert of the Toronto String Quartette—Messrs. Blachford, Roberts, Smith and Nicolai—demonstrated not only the advance which four years association has done for these gentlemen in the matter of intuitive and tonal effects, but it also illustrated in a sense the march of musical intellect in Toronto. When an audience of several hundred people gather to enjoy a programme of chamber music the progress of art is seen to be salubrious and satisfying.

The cheerful and whimsical Haydn quartette was a good opening number; the wild beauty of the harmonies in the Grieg duo for violin and piano was especially enjoyed; the novelty of the Saint Saens "Serenade" won many admirers; and the concluding number by Sinigaglia evoked much interest; its tendancy seemed to hover between modern harmonies and Italian melody, but the Scherzo stood clear by its intrinsic charm. The assistance of Messrs. Welsman and Atkinson in piano and organ parts, respectively, was greatly appreciated.

* * *

The advent of Miss Tilly Koenen on Friday evening next at Massey Hall is being eagerly awaited. Miss Koenen's fame as a singer and an interpreter is of the highest order, and it is a foregone conclusion that a great treat is in store. The only unfortunate part of it is that Friday evening debars a large clientele of choir people from being present, owing to the rehearsal for Sunday services.

* * *

In commenting last week upon Dr. J. H. Anger's choir concert in Central Methodist church I omitted through lack of space to remark upon one feature which struck me very forcibly, and this was the position of the console of the organ. Here we have a modern instrument recently installed with most of the up-to-date mechanical appliances, and yet the keyboard is so situated that the organist and choir sit back to back. Only the possession of some sixth sense could enable the choir and director to perform in unity. It is to be hoped that Dr. Anger may be fortunate in having this defect remedied at an early date.

* * *

Irene Hitchcox Bartlett is a new lyric soprano and elocutionist who has joined the profesional ranks in Toronto. I had the pleasure of hearing this young lady in a private recital, and her specialty which is that of imitating with her voice the warbling of various birds was a feature remarkable for its novelty. In a selection entitled "The Birds' Singing Lesson" the notes of some seven or eight feathered songsters were imitated with much fidelity, and the gift of imitation which this young lady possesses won for her great applause.

* * *

Among the many excellent organists Great Britain has sent out to this country, and more particularly to the city of Toronto, Mr. Richard Tattersall, at present organist of St. Thomas' Anglican Church, Huron street, is certainly one of the most talented and well equipped, as was proved by the fine programme he gave last Saturday in the Conservatory Music Hall on the large concert organ recently installed there. In all styles of composition, whether pieces originally written for the organ, or transcriptions of orchestral and piano music, and particularly in works calling for free and untrammelled registration, Mr. Tattersall was equally satisfactory, and won unanimous and enthusiastic applause for his masterly rendering of Bach's great Toccata and Fugue in D minor. This work, well known to pianists through Tausig's celebrated transcription, is specially calculated to display the powers of the organ as a concert instrument although written nearly two hundred years ago. A graceful "Pastorale" by Lemare and a descriptive composition by S. S. Wesley, entitled "Holsworthy Church Bells," served to display the flute stop of the Conservatory organ to perfection. The remaining numbers, which included two movements from a Widor organ Symphony, excerpts from Wagner's Lohengrin and a grand Fantasia by Herman Berens, revealed the many gradations of tone color possible in all first-class modern instruments of which the Conservatory organ is a fine example. The audiences at these recitals have grown with each occasion and always include leading musicians as well as students and lovers of the organ. The next and Fifth Recital is announced to take place on the afternoon of Saturday, Nov. 27, at four o'clock.

* * *

The pupils of the West Toronto branch of the Toronto College of Music gave their first recital of the season on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 13, in the hall of the Toronto College of Music, Pembroke street. The Musical Director, Dr. F. H. Torrington, in his brief speech to the pupils voiced his appreciation of the work done, and congratulated the teachers on the earnest work which must have been done to secure such good results in so short a time. The pupils taking part were: Elsie Crump, Muriel Evans, Helen Carruthers, Clare Henley, Dorothy Colbeck, Madge Evans, Irene Rowntree, Lucy Colbeck, Thelma Rothwell, Lenore Hurd, Lily Chapman, and Doris Charles.

* * *

The High Park Presbyterian Choir effected a permanent organization at the meeting of November 12, and elected the following officers: President, W. Preston MacHenry, who is also the Musical Director; Vice-President, Miss Mabel Graeb; Secretary, Miss Edna Graeb; Treasurer, J. Coad; Business Manager, A. C. Ellis. Membership, Visiting and Entertainment committees were appointed, and Harry Gray and Alex. Rowney were chosen as librarian and assistant librarian respectively.

* * *

Mr. Arthur Blight, the popular baritone, is greatly in demand this season for concert work. He has been engaged by the Harmonic Society, of Hamilton, to sing the baritone solos in Gade's Crusaders. Mr. Blight is also assisting Miss Julie Petersen, at her recital in Ithaca, N.Y., this month, and other engagements include Woodstock, Guelph and Toronto.

ARPEGGIO.

* * *

Cyril Dwight-Edwards, the distinguished English baritone who will assist Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler, pianist, in her recital of Nov. 29 at Massey Hall, pupil of Madame de la Grange, Sbriglia, Juliani, Henschel and other celebrated European teachers, is well known to Toronto audiences, having appeared here with Miss Muriel Foster, the English contralto, on a similar occasion.

* * *

Mr. A. J. Cooke, of the R. S. Williams & Sons Co., Limited, has arranged for a very novel series of recitals for the coming winter at Recital Hall, 143 Yonge St., in which the Player-Piano will be used both for solo and accompaniment work.

These recitals will be held every two weeks on Saturday afternoon at three o'clock, and will be free to the public, but admission will be by card, as the seating capacity of the hall is limited.

The first recital will take place on Saturday afternoon, November 20, at three o'clock.

* * *

Much interest is being shown in the first appearance of the Brahms Trio at the Conservatory of Music on Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 8.30. The members of the trio are all well known in Toronto, and are Miss Lina Drechsler Adamson, violiniste; Mr. George Bruce, 'cellist, and Mr. Richard Tattersall, pianist.

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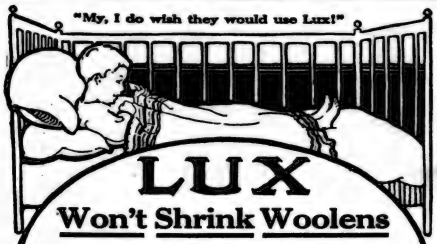

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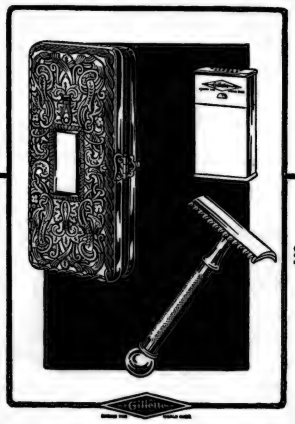
DILLON'S, LIMITED, 455 ST. PAUL ST., - MONTREAL



No Honing

No Stropping

Perhaps your face will not stand the ordinary razor oftener than twice a week. You can shave every morning with the "GILLETTE"—with comfort to your face and improvement in your appearance.

The Blades are Fine—

New Pocket Edition—shown about—fits the vest-pocket. Finished in gold and silver—with handle and blade box to match—also gun-metal—$5 to $7.
You can always find Gillette dealers by the Gillette Signs. 94

The Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada Limited, Office & Factory, Montreal.

AVOID TYPHOID FEVER

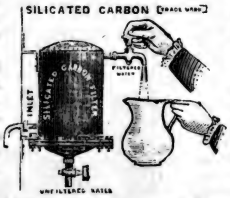
and other water borne DISEASES by using a

RELIABLE FILTER

When buy- a filter at our store you get a filter with a guarantee. We only sell filters we have proved. Filters for country as well as for city pressure.

CONSTANT SUPPLY FILTER.

With Nickel-Plated Fittings.



We have a special display of many different kinds of filters on the ground floor of our spacious store and invite you to call and see for yourself the necessity of filtering Toronto city water.

Prices to suit all classes of buyers.

AIKENHEAD HARDWARE LIMITED
17, 19, 21 Temperance St, Toronto

Aikenhead's

J. Simon
59 Fg. St. Martin
PARIS, FRANCE

Crème SIMON
POUDRE ◆ SAVON
Unrivalled
for the preservation of the Skin

From all Chemists and Perfumers

ANECDOTAL

HERE is a story told in newspaper circles. One day a certain editor became conscious that some one was standing near his desk. Looking round, his glance fell upon a seedy looking individual with the eyes of a crank.

"I beg you pardon," said the newcomer, "but is there an openin' here for a first class intellectual writer?"

"Yes," grimly responded the editor. "An ingenious carpenter, foreseeing your visit, has provided an excellent opening. Turn the knob to the right, and do not slam the door as you go out."

* * *

A MAID-SERVANT in the employ of a certain well known woman was left the other day in charge of the children while her mistress went for a long drive.

"Well, Mary," asked the lady, on her return, "how did the children behave during my absence? Nicely, I hope."

"Nicely, ma'am," Mary answered, "but at the end they fought terribly together."

"Fight! Mercy me! why did they fight?"

"To decide," said Mary, "which was behaving the best."

* * *

THE braggadocio of the common variety of husbands generally sooner or later falls before the keen insight that most women have of human nature in general and bragging husbands in particular. Now a certain woman was married to such a man, who, though invariably unsuccessful as a hunter, was continually boasting of his killings.

As he was returning home one evening after an all day hunting trip, it occurred to him that the usual accompaniment of an empty gamebag was not in accordance with his oft boasted skill as a hunter, and that his wife would again have the joke on him; so he went to the market and purchased two brace of partridges.

As he entered the house he threw them on the table with great eclat and exclaimed, "Well, you dear old doubter, you see that I am handier with the gun than you give me credit for being, after all; now don't you?"

Milady picked up the birds and examined them very carefully. As she looked up after the examination he said:

"Fine birds, my dear. Very fine birds, are they not?"

"Robert," responded the wife, turning up her nose, "you were only just in time in shooting those birds today; to-morrow it would have been everlastingly too late."

* * *

SUPERS are very particular about the distribution of parts. In a fairy piece a set of dominos was represented by men wearing on their backs boards marked with the different numbers. A discontented super gave in his resignation, and told the management they must find a substitute.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the astonished director; "don't you get your fifteen sous a night like the others?"

"It isn't about the sous at all. I am one of the oldest artists belonging to the theatre, and they ought to have made me the double six; instead of that I am the lowest number—the double blank. Rather than submit to such injustice I prefer to leave the theatre."

* * *

ROBERT EDESON tells this story relating to a blood and thunder barnstorming drama as he saw it presented:

"I have seen and heard a good many funny things in the way of plays and play actors in my time; but the funniest thing I ever saw or heard was in Milwaukee. It was in one of the museums there. The museum had a stock company in its theatre, and its great specialty was border drama. Every week they gave a new drama of the Wild and Woolly West. The play I saw was a blood curdler of that character, and at the time I dropped in the stage was pitch dark and two men were fighting a duel. I could hear the knives clash together and the men stumbling around on the stage; but could only faintly distinguish the forms of the actors. After awhile there was a thump on the floor, and the villian (I knew it was the villain by his accent) hissed, "Ah, ha! Rudolph Tetherington, I have you now, and no one nigh to see me do the deed!"

Then the drummer hit the bass drum a belt and the calcium man turned on the light, and away up on a rocky pass a woman (the heroine) was seen standing.

"Coward! she cried. "Me and God is here!"

* * *

WHEN Mr. Jenkins went to his bedroom at half-past one, it was with the determination of going to sleep, and with another determination that he would not be interviewed by Mrs. Jenkins. So, as soon as he had entered the door, and deposited his lamp upon the dressing-table, he commenced his speech:

"I locked the front door. I put the chain on. I pulled the key out a little bit. The dog is inside. I put the kitten out. I emptied the drip-pan of the refrigerator. The cook took the silver to bed with her. I put a cane under the knob of the back hall door. I put the fastenings over the bathroom windows. The parlor fire has coal on. I put the cake-box back in the closet. I did not drink all the milk. It is not going to rain. Nobody gave me any message for you. I mailed your letter as soon as I got down town. Your mother did not call at the office. Nobody died that we are interested in. Did not hear of a marriage or engagement. I was very busy at the office making out bills. I have hung my clothes over chair-backs. I want a new egg for breakfast. I think that is all, and I will now put out the light."

Mr. Jenkins felt that he had hedged against all inquiry, and a triumphant smile was upon his face as he took hold of the gas-check, and sighted a line for the bed, when he was earthquaked by the query from Mrs. Jenkins:

"Why didn't you take off your hat?"

* * *

THERE used to be an old gentleman who lived up in one of the parishes of Louisiana who was noted for his tremendous deportment and punctuality. Arriving in New Orleans for the first time, he accosted a young man-about-town, who was standing on the corner of the street:

"I wish, my young friend," said he, taking out his watch, "to go to the St. Charles Hotel."

"Well," said the gilded youth, "you may go, but don't stay but half an hour."

* * *

WITH hisses and groans the audience greeted the principal scene of the new drama. All hope, then, was at an end.

"It's hard to tell just what the public wants," murmured the heart-broken playwright.

"It's easy enough to tell in this case," said the manager grimly. "It wants its money back!"

* * *

THE main figure in the trial was a lazy negro named Dick Sutton, arrested at the instance of his wife, who alleged that he contributed nothing to her support and refused to work. Examining Sutton, the young lawyer asked:

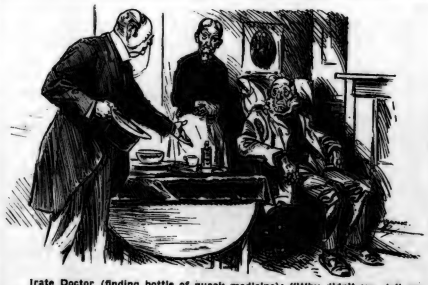
"Dick, have you any fixed income?"

Sutton was puzzled by the term. Counsel explained that the expression meant a certainty, money not paid for odd jobs, but for steady employment; in other words, a compensation at stated intervals on which he could absolutely rely. The negro's face brightened, and he said:

"I think I has a fixed income, sah."

"And what is this fixed income?"

"Well, sah," answered Dick, with a broad grin in the direction of Colonel Martin, "de colonel here allers gives me fo' dollars an' a sack of flour on 'lection day."



Irate Doctor (finding bottle of quack medicine): "Why didn't you tell me you were taking this wretched stuff?"
Patient: "Well, it was my missis, sir. She says, 'I'll dose you with this stuff, and Doctor he'll try his stuff, and we'll see which will cure you first.'" —Punch.

THE NATIVE PURITY AND FRAGRANCE OF

"SALADA"

TEA is preserved by the use of sealed lead packets
Black, Mixed or Natural Green

TRULY WORTH A LENGTHY INSPECTION

is the collection of Antiques, etc., now on view in our Galleries. There is a wide variety of Furniture, Art Goods, Old Silver, etc. Drop in any time and spend an hour. You will not be bothered to purchase.

B. M. & T. Jenkins
Antique Gallery
422-424 Yonge St. - - Toronto

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Here is the finest semi-high-cut Boot you will find anywhere this season. We designed it chiefly for outing wear and general use during the Fall and Winter.

This Shoe is made of Russet Oil Grain Leather. This is treated with Viscol, making it water-resisting.

This Shoe is made in quarter sizes.

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110 YONGE STREET

Pure food insures good health

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

INSURES PURE FOOD.

MADE IN CANADA.
E.W. GILLETT CO. LTD. TORONTO, ONT.

You Will Appreciate

THE SAVING MADE

By having us clean, press or dye your soiled, wrinkled or faded clothing.

Send for Our New Booklet which tells in detail about our work.

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FOUNTAIN, THE CLEANER
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Gourlay-Angelus
Player-Pianos

Are unrivalled because of their exclusive improvemen's.

The Melodant **The Phrasing Lever**
The Diaphragm Pneumatics **The Art:style Music**

These improved devices make artistic piano playing easy to every owner and and user of a Gourlay Angelus. To be without any one of them imposes a handicap upon the performer, and yet no other Canadian piano player has any of th se devices or their equivalent.

THE MELODANT—Brings out the complete melody of any composition, subduing the accompaniment.

THE DIAPHRAGM PNEUMATICS—Have no creases or folds to crack or wear. Inflate and deflate as do the human lungs, making possible the "human touch."

THE PHRASING LEVER—Gives absolute control of every nuance of tempo. A famous conductor has said: "What the baton is to an orchestra the phrasing lever is to an Angelus."

THE ARTISTYLE MUSIC—A clever, easily followed, authoritative marking of Angelus music by musicians. Has been termed the A B C of musical education.

If you have heard Player-pianos that are mechanical, come and hear how artistic and human is the playing of the Gourlay Angelus.

GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING
188 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

ORDER FURS FOR XMAS

This is practically the last call for those who desire to have one of our High-Class Fur Garments made to order by Christmas. It gives us a reasonable time to make something that will add to our reputation as manufacturers of exclusive Fur Garments.

You can select from the big display of pelts any you wish put into your Coat or smaller garment, and also select the design from imported Parisian models.

All the Alaska Seal offered has been specially selected by our agents. It is all London Dyed and is cub seal.

The Persian Lamb we sell was purchased in Leipsic by the President of the company. Every garment is made in our own workrooms.

The Showrooms are stocked with a complete assortment of superior Fur Goods awaiting your call. Write for particulars and price list.

THE W. & D. DINEEN CO., LIMITED
140 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

The Success and the Imitation

Every big success has its host of petty imitators. Imitation seems to be the penalty of success.

O'Keefe's
SPECIAL EXTRA MILD ALE

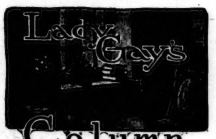
has been a most gratifying success. It is just what many people have always wanted—a full flavored, full bodied, rich, creamy old Ale, which is so light and mild that it will not cause Biliousness.

It took years to perfect this Ale. And now that O'KEEFE'S has firmly established its reputation for high quality, other Ales are attempting to trade on the reputation of O'KEEFE'S Special Extra Mild Ale and are being sold as "Special Ale."

If you want the genuine O'Keefe's Special Extra Mild Ale, order is by name **O'KEEFE'S.** Do not accept any substitute as being just as good.

156

THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. LIMITED, TORONTO.



Column

THE Canadian guest at a country house or city home in England is sometimes rather surprised at the complete liberty he and she has to do as they like, with some trifling obligations in the way of turning up punctually at dinner hour, and being ready to make up a table at bridge. Little gallantries which help out the hostess in dealing with the sometimes tiresome or very distinguished people she is entertaining, come in the way of a nice man who is guest at her home, but he is never held to the apron strings of his hostess, nor are his movements discussed and supervised. It is more or less annoying to Old Country folk who come out here to visit, when they find themselves being over-entertained, fussed over, chivied about, carried hither and yon by anxious hosts and hostesses, dined and lunched and suppered formally, and generally denied an hour's solitude in the whole day. When the distracted guest desperately declares that he or she must get some letters written and proceeds to stretch out for a nap instead, it is disconcerting to hear stealthy footsteps and timid taps on the door, and meek suggestions of tea, or a fire, or merely enquiries if one has everything necessary for epistolary success! But checking all the exasperated sayings which would do one so much good, comes the conviction that it is the Canadian way of being kind, this constant supervision and solicitude, and the English man and woman accept the discipline with gratitude tempered by a puzzled wonder as to why the dickens people can't let them alone!

Haven't we all seen the harried man-guest at the mercy of a group of young folks, and heard his fervid assurance that our coming had saved his life? And when, some fair day, we have lured the woman guest for a long lonely drive or row or loaf, in silence and peace, have we forgotten her grateful eyes and hand clasp, as she surrendered her soul once more into the hands of her strenuous entertainers? There is never an over-entertained guest in England, unless it be one whose host has learned by wild experience what a Canadian means by entertaining, and tries to copy the procedure. We sometimes find it almost chilly and dull over there, because we have not considered the blessedness of being given personal liberty.

We are puzzled by the remark in the reports of certain lawless and vicious proceedings in England that the women engaged in them are nice looking and pleasant-voiced. Why? Because the actions of these women suggest a coarseness of fibre and a vulgarity of nature the very opposite to our notions of a gentlewoman. I observed all the militant females who came in my way during a recent visit to old London, and in no case was I struck by the beauty of their language or the refinement of their expression. They appeared rather a sloppy lot of women, with hard and unlovely expression, both in word and look. The exceptions must of course exist, and let us hope they are the ones selected to inoculate this country. In the meantime I confess to an exceedingly deep regret that the militants happen to be of my own sex. Whatever idea I may have, as to the desirability of woman franchise, I have only one as to the means employed by the women of England to secure it. They are such as to make one very uneasy at the possible result of their success.

"I have a perfect right" began the lady who held her skirts very high, when a mere man pretended to be shocked. "Yes, ma-am, and a peach of a left" he chuckled, taking a good long look.

A thrifty Scotch mother finished the "making down" of a pair of breeks for her youngest son and clothed the boy in them. Observation disclosed that though the breeks looked grand as the laddie stood, they were none too generous in the measure. "My word!" remarked the mother solemnly—*"If I catch you bendin' I"*

LADY GAY.

CHICAGO EXCURSION.

For the Great Live Stock Exhibition at Chicago at the end of the month the Canadian Pacific Railway will sell return tickets from Toronto, $16.90, going dates November 28 to December 6 inclusive, return limit December 12. This line is the shortest and train service the fastest. Reduced rates from all Ontario stations. Particulars may be obtained from all Canadian Pacific Ticket Agents.

W. A. Murray & Co. Limited

56 Years' Growth in Merchandising.

Beautiful Furs
in a Large Assortment

The fact that a large percentage of those who look here and then elsewhere, and finally return to our Fur Department to make their purchases, goes to show that our styles and values must be right. Of course we know they're right, but it is sometimes hard to convince others. We, however, rarely fail with those who know good Furs, and the prices they ought to command. In providing for the Fur season we not only anticipate the great advance in prices, but also the requirements of the large number of our Fur Department customers, and we can say without exaggeration that our prices are as low, if not lower, than can be found elsewhere. Now is the time to make your selection while the stock is at its best.

PERRIN GLOVES
STYLE - FIT - DURABILITY

POUR A LITTLE
H.P. SAUCE
ON THE SIDE OF THE PLATE.

H.P. Sauce being thick and fruity can be taken with the meat in the same way as you take up mustard—besides that, it's so much nicer.

It's simply delicious as an appetiser, and valuable as a digestive—but before you pour, be quite sure it is H.P.

LABATT'S ALE

Is made from tested, natural spring water, selected barley malt, and a blend of the choicest growth of hops. No substitutes for hops or barley are used. An aid to digestion and a cause of comfort after meals.

FULL OF THE VIRTUES OF BARLEY AND HOPS

Why choke and fume with a tie that binds?--throw away that old-fashioned kind. Get the Mitchell "Slide-easy"--Tie and you'll never wear a tight tie again.

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL!

Mitchell Slide-Easy Tie COPYRIGHTED

LICENSED MANUFACTURERS

PAT. Nov. 1908 No. 904710

All first-class shops keep, or can get them in the very newest effects —50c to $1.00. If yours will not, write for addresses of shops in Canada which have them.

Mitchell Slide-Easy Tie Co., Buffalo, N.Y.

The Home Bank of Canada

Head Office: 8 King St. West.

Six Branches in Toronto.

The following five branches are open every Saturday night, 7 to 9 o'clock, for the transaction of savings account and general banking business.

78 Church St.
Cor. Queen West and Bathurst
Cor Bloor West and Bathurst
Cor. Queen East and Ontario
1686 Dundas St., West Toronto

A Physician's Testimony

Dr. Snow, late Senior Surgeon, Cancer Hospital, London, Eng., said:—

"Scientific nutrition like "BOVRIL will do more to "stay the ravages of any ma-"lady than a century of pro-"gress in drug treatment."

Well fortified by nourishing food, you can resist insidious or sudden attack of disease.

BOVRIL is a highly concentrated food. Immediately it is taken it is transformed into energy and strength. No other food so quickly stimulates and invigorates the system as

BOVRIL

THE DRAMA

(*Continued from page* 14.)

offering on Wednesday evening; while "La Traviata" will be the matinee bill on Thursday. "Carmen" follows on Thursday night, and "Rigoletto" on Friday. "Aida" will be given again at Saturday's matinee; and "Cavalleria" and "I Pagliacci" will be the big closing bill on Saturday night.

* * *

Many of the elements that make for greatness and popularity in a play are contained in Eugene Walter's "Paid in Full," which will be at the Princess the latter half of the week, with a specially selected New York cast, opening with a Thursday matinee. Mr. Walter is a pathfinder in American drama. By his directness and force, by the interest of his story and the striking characters with which he has related it; by the elimination of the common-place and of cut and dried theatrical tradition, the author has struck a new line in dramatic writing and created a new standard. "Paid in Full," more than any other play of to-day, clutches the sympathy of an audience. The story of Joe Brooks and his young wife Emma, their struggle to get along on $18 a week, the weakness that leads the man to theft, the cowardice that makes him attempt to use his wife as a means for his own escape—all is so true that it might be happening right here at this hour. Vigor, veracity, and driving power carry "Paid in Full" straight to the heart and understanding of every person who sees it. It is a salient and secure example of new standards and new methods in modern drama. Its moments are moments of life. The coming of this play has the greater claim on all theatre patrons from the fact that it will be presented by a good New York cast, specially chosen to present this great play in an entirely adequate manner.

* * *

Camille Ober, the popular French singer, heads the vaudeville bill at Shea's Theatre next week. The special attractions for the week will be: Joseph Hart's great racing act, "The Futurity Winner"; and The Eight Geisha Girls direct from the Palace of the Mikado. Other acts included in the bill are: James and Sadie Leonard and Richard Anderson; The Four Konery Brothers; Leo Donnelly; Lyon, Fisher, and Lyon; Avery and Hart; and the kinetograph.

* * *

An excellent bill is promised for the Majestic Music Hall next week, when Severin, the famous French pantomimist, will head the bill with his company of twenty people. The Taylors, expert rifle shots, have also a very interesting act. Miss Taylor claims the title of champion lady shot of the world. Next week at the Majestic will witness the theatrical debut of a Toronto girl, who is to be known on the stage as Miss Jerry Derhan. There are also to be fight-pictures of Jeffries and Johnson.

* * *

There is nothing shy about the advance-agent of the Golden Crook Extravaganza Company, which is coming to the Gayety next week. He states that "the gorgeousness of the costumes baffles the abilities of a long mind to describe in mere words." That ought to hold the patrons of the Richmond street burlesque house for a while. There is also promised a "peerless beauty chorus of thirty beautiful young women." Going some, all right. FIRST-NIGHTER.

What to Give for Christmas

Whatever else you give, be sure to add a bottle of Taylor's dainty Perfume. Nothing is so appreciated by women of refinement as the subtle, enchanting fragrance of Taylor's Jap Lily, Persian Bouquet, or Valley Violet—the distilled essence of millions of sun-kissed blossoms, as fragrant and refreshing as the day they first bloomed.

Taylor's

Sold By Good Dealers Everywhere

We have been making the finest perfumes and soaps in Canada for over 40 years. Every formula is the perfected result of these years of study and patient experiment. We pay as high as $1,500 a lb. for some ingredients—but nothing is too good for users of Taylor's products.

Jap Lily Perfume

The lilies from which this charming perfume is made grow in the far off "Flowery Kingdom." Dainty and lasting. A few drops suffice. $1.00 per ounce.

Infants' Delight Soap

Canada's leading toilet soap. You all know Infants' Delight Soap—made of pure cocoanut and vegetable oils. 10c a cake everywhere. We will send a sample free to any lady in Canada on request.

Persian Bouquet Perfume

Like the scent of an Oriental garden. A distinctive perfume of exquisite charm. Not heavy or dense, but different from any other you ever tried. We suggest Persian Bouquet to those who desire the unusual. $1.00 per ounce.

HANDSOME GIFT PACKAGES

These perfumes are put up in dainty, attractive boxes and make most desirable gifts for all occasions.

John Taylor & Co., Limited
Makers of Soaps and Perfumes Toronto

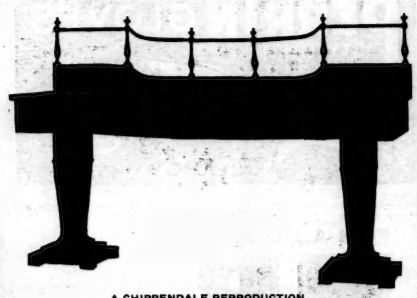
Valley Violet Perfume

This delicate perfume contains the true, costly violet scent, so popular with the gentler sex. Like a breath of spring from the woodlands, delightful and refreshing. $1.00 per ounce.

Persian Bouquet Soap

Here is the utmost in a toilet soap—quality, fragrance and rich, creamy lather. If you prefer soap-perfection be sure to ask for Persian Bouquet. 25c a cake. (d)

Period Furniture



A CHIPPENDALE REPRODUCTION

The sideboard above illustrated is one of many fine examples of Period Furniture now on our floors. It is a very accurate copy of one of Chippendale's later productions, and is complete with two cutlery urns not shown in the print.

This Sideboard is 7 feet long, built of select mahogany of an exquisite grain, and, needless to say, is beautifully finished.

We invite inspection of our Winter exhibit of Furniture; certainly the largest we ever made and especially interesting just now, as it contains a large number of small decorative pieces of Furniture suitable for Christmas gifts.

John Kay Company
LIMITED
36-38 King Street West - Toronto

Toronto Taxicab Stock

AN UNRIVALLED INVESTMENT

An investment in an industrial which can be classed as a public utility is not a speculation.
Toronto's Taxicabs are an investment upon which profits can be figured with the same certainty of any other common carrier.
At the present time the demand for Taxicabs is great and constantly increasing.
We advise the purchase of stock in Toronto's Taxicabs at **$6.00** per share, par value $5.00, because it is already in the big earning class.
Subscriptions will be accepted up to 100 shares in the order received at this office.

E. A. ENGLISH
Adelaide and Victoria Sts. - - - - TORONTO
Send for Our Illustrated Booklet

TAXICAB CONVENIENCES.

Taxicabs have been running in Toronto for over six months, and at the present time they are furnishing the only real rapid transit service in the city.

All other methods of transportation seem ordinary and commonplace after one has once utilized this up-to-date method of urban travel.

The ease with which you glide from place to place, the alluring comfort of the cushioned interiors, and the speed with which you cover long distances, all combine to induce the casual user to become a regular patron of this new cab service.

There is no doubt about it, the taxicab habit grows on one, and once you have become a taxicab patron, you will remain a taxicab patron as long as you can afford it or the exigencies of your business or social obligations demand.

Taxicabs have become part of Toronto's social and business life; they have come to stay, and will become more plentiful year after year.

With that rare foresight which is always on the lookout for good business propositions Mr. Edward A. English, of Adelaide and Victoria Sts., has secured and is offering for public subscription some of the stock in Toronto's Taxicabs.

The success of the taxicab enterprise in Toronto is easily confirmed by the price of the stock which is issued at $6.00 per share, par value $5.00. This coupled with the information that with the present equipment the Company can pay a dividend of 10 per cent. per annum or 2½ quarterly, makes the taxicab issue very inviting and well worth investigation.

U. S. THANKSGIVING DAY EXCURSION TO BUFFALO, ONLY $2.10 VIA GRAND TRUNK.

Good going via Buffalo Express, leaving Toronto 9 a.m., Wednesday, Nov. 24. Return limit Nov. 25. All Buffalo trains carry parlor library cafe or buffet cars, serving meals a la carte. Secure tickets at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge Sts. Phone Main 4209.

Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS.

BROWN—At Campbellford, Ont., Nov. 14th, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Brown, a son.

WILEY—At Port Arthur, Ont., on Wednesday, November 3rd, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. Franklin S. Wiley, a son.

MARRIAGES.

McCREA—BELL—At West Presbyterian Church, Toronto, on the 17th of November, 1909, by the Rev. Dr. J. A. Turnbull, Margaret Bell, daughter of Mrs. David Bell, to Thomas Arthur McCrea, son of Mr. and Mrs. John McCrea, of Omemee, Ont.

SIMISTER—SHAW—At Regina, Sask., on November 10, 1909, William A. Simister to Annie Irene Shaw.

DEATHS.

HUTCHINSON—At Toronto, November 17, 1909, Maud Victoria, wife of Wm. A. Hutchinson, in her 30th year.

McKAY—At Woodstock, Ont., on November 17, 1909, Helena Margaret McKay

Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee

Thousands of women buy coffee by the "Seal Brand" Trademark.

They know that "Seal Brand" stands for quality—that it goes only with good coffee.

They know that "Seal Brand" Coffee is always the same—whether they buy it in Halifax or Vancouver or anywhere between, because the sealed tins preserve the flavor and aroma.

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Epps's Cocoa is a treat to Children.
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In strength delicacy of flavour, nutritiousness and economy in use "Epps's" is unsurpassed.

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BREDIN'S HOME-MADE BREAD

The quality is the first consideration in Bredin's Home Made loaf. Quality in every ingredient, and quality in the baking.

And the quantity is there, too, full twenty ounces—always.

Just the most nutritious and wholesome bread to be had.

5 cents the loaf.

Bredin's Bakeshops, 160-164 Avenue road. Phone College 761. Bloor and Dundas sts. Phone Parkdale 1556.

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King Edward at His Club.

WHEN Edward VII. was a young man he was a great clubman. Desiring to have some club whose membership should be select and where he would meet only those whom he cared to know intimately, he brought about the foundling of the Marlborough Club in Pall Mall in 1869. Of the original members of this club, three survive, the King, the Duke of Fife, and Lord Farquhar. To this day all new members must be personally acceptable to His Majesty. In an article in Cassell's Saturday Journal (London) we read the following account of the King's club life:

Even during the strain of a London season, with his many public duties, the King finds time to run into his favorite club for an hour or two's rest and quietness. No particular ceremony marks either his entry or exit. The attendant at the door swings it open as his Majesty's private motor-car or brougham draws up in much the same fashion that he would for any other member. There is, however, one interesting exception. By special desire of the King the attendants at the Marlborough Club, as far as possible, are either ex-soldiers or sailors. It is impossible for them to forget that they have worn his Majesty's uniform and sworn allegiance to him. Therefore, they come to the salute as he passes them.

As far as the other members of the club are concerned it is well understood that when his Majesty enters the building, he desires, and even expects, to be treated in purely a private capacity. His favorite seat is rather near the fireplace in the smoking-room with his back toward the window. Therefore, anyone occupying this seat at once vacates it, with a bow to the King, and finds a chair somewhere else. The members present, too, all rise in their seats when the King enters the room, but this is a formality that is quickly over, since with a bow and a smile the King with a wave of his hand intimates his desire that they should all resume their seats and tacitly ignore his presence.

Another unwritten law of the Marlborough Club is that no member must directly address the King without first being spoken to by him. This is a rule that may be infringed by only one member of the club, the Duke of Fife. As son-in-law to the King, of course, the Duke stands in a unique position. The King, however, desires company when he visits the club, and after he has glanced through the evening papers he will get up and stroll around the rooms, exchanging a cheery word here and there with such of his friends as he chooses to recognize. The one subject that is taboo to all in the King's presence is that of politics. The political situation neither at home nor abroad may be mentioned while his Majesty is in the room.

Though, as has been said, his Majesty when visiting the club expects his incognito to be strictly observed, he is keen to resent anything in the nature of undue familiarity. A rather well-known peer discovered this to his cost a few years ago. Presuming upon a friendly conversation he had just had with the King he called across the room to him, "Just ring the bell behind you, will you please sir?" The Prince of Wales, as he was then, looked at him for a moment and then rang the bell. The waiter entered, and the prince said to him in a voice that could be heard all over the room, "Please call Lord ——'s carriage." The Peer took the hint and left the club. The following morning he had a polite note from the secretary intimating that the committee would be extremely obliged if he would consider his membership terminated, and would not make use of the club for the future.

As a general rule it is late in the evening before his Majesty can reach his club, and then he chiefly desires a rubber of bridge with some of his old friends. The King is an extremely good player, and greatly dislikes having a duffer at his table. Every member in the card-room who plays anything of a decent game is aware that he may be summoned to take a hand at the Royal table, and no matter how interesting the game in which he is then engaged in may be, he must be prepared to relinquish it cheerfully and to obey the command to join the Royal table. Further, he must be prepared to make agreeable "small talk" between the games, since the King desires to be entertained as well as to play cards.

FAMOUS MOUNT CLEMENS MINERAL SPRINGS
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Do you know that one of the greatest resorts in America noted for its celebrated water, and that has cured and benefited hundreds of thousands suffering from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Liver, and digestive and nervous troubles, is only a few hour's ride from Toronto and without change of cars. For example, Grand Trunk train at 1 p.m. (week days) with Pullman parlor car or modern coach reaches Mount Clemens 7.43 p.m., and Night Express daily at 11 p.m. with Pullman sleeper, arrives there 6.21 a.m.

Splendid modern hotels ensuring your comfort. Round trip tickets on sale at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge Streets. Phone Main 4209, where illustrated booklet may be obtained, or address J. D. McDonald, District Passenger Agent, Toronto, Ont.

Partial list of dances and at homes held at Mrs. Meyer's Parlors, Sunnyside:—Monday, Nov. 1, Dental College At-home; Monday, Nov. 8, St. Helen's Court of Foresters Euchre, Dance and Lunch; Tuesday, Nov. 9, Court Rouille T.O.F. At-home; Thursday, Nov. 11, Glen Echo Social Club semi-monthy Hop; Friday, Nov. 12, Parkdale Canoe Club monthly hop.

"I can say one thing in favor of Mr. Featherly," remarked Mrs. Hendricks, the landlady; "he never takes the last piece of bread on the plate." "No, indeed, Mrs. Hendricks," assented Dumley, cordially, "Featherly aint quick enough."—Bazar.

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Health and Hardiness

"Tired of listless dreaming all the lazy day,
Jovial wind of winter turns us out to play.
Let the languid zephyr live in lovers' dreams,
While our skates are ringing o'er the frozen streams."

CANADIAN winters are made for vigorous people.

OXO makes people vigorous. It kindles the inward fire that makes you greet with delight zero weather and frozen fields and waters.

OXO is a concentration of prime beef—the best meat known to man. **OXO gets every ounce of its beef from its own cattle.** The immense OXO farms are the key to the superior quality of OXO. The OXO Company guarantees, from its own personal and governmental veterinary inspection, **that every ounce of beef used for OXO is perfectly sound and healthy.**

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Its stimulating, invigorating properties have been abundantly proven.

Of its **delicious flavor** you can easily and pleasantly convince yourself.

A teaspoonful of OXO to a cup of hot water makes a beverage that is a delight to the palate, an aid to digestion, and strength for body and mind.

When you come in, flushed and a little tired, from an evening's sport on Skates, Snowshoes, Skis or Toboggan, or from a rollicking Sleigh-drive, a steaming cup of OXO completes the pleasure. It has **the remarkable power o removing the effects of muscular fatigue,** and it freshens you up at once.

Because of this unique power **athletes find** that a cup of **OXO** dur the game or the race gives them a fresh supply of energy and **greatly increases their staying power.**

If you are sick or run-down, OXO will build you up, and fortify you against coughs, colds and the grippe.

Children love OXO. Puny, delicate little ones grow strong and rugged when they have OXO regularly.

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Until you have tasted OXO you have no idea how delicious fluid beef can be.

You cannot possibly get the goodness of OXO under any other name.

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The highest virtue that can be claimed for a beverage is PURITY.

Of Scotch Whisky Brands there are few that can, with so much justification, claim absolute purity as can TEACHER'S. Matured in wood, and mellowed by age.

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The woman who desires elegance in Lingerie will find in our showing of hand-made garments the very highest grade of excellence in quality, style and workmanship—a showing that permits choosing from the most desirable that Europe offers—garments embodying all the exquisiteness and refinement of Parisian and Belgian hand-made goods.

To demonstrate the beauty and extent of the hand-work, we illustrate three representative garments of French linen:

PRINCESS SLIP, extra fine quality, hand made and hand embroidered; top finished with clusters of fine tucks; two rows of extra fine lace insertion, beading and ribbon; also edge of fine lace on neck and arms; entire slip finished with rows of fine beading and hand embroidery, running up and down; frill of material, with lace insertion at the top; one row of fine lace insection in frill and three-inch edge of fine lace; dust ruffle. Price $24.00

COMBINATION PRINCESS COVER AND DRAWERS, extra fine quality; cover has cluster of fine tucks; rows of fine lace insertion and embroidery beading; neck finished with one row of fine lace insertion and edge of fine lace; also ribbon bows; straps over shoulders of one row of fine lace insertion and edge of fine lace; drawers finished with six rows of fine lace insertion and frill of material with edge of fine lace. Price.....$20.00

GOWN, extra fine quality, square neck; yoke of rows of fine lace and embroidery insertions and hand embroidery; cluster of 52 fine tucks down front; sleeves finished with rows of fine lace and embroidery insertion; also three frills of fine lace; ribbon bows. Price $25.00

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